MORE AIR RAID CLAIMS PAID. See page 20.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 469 | SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

601250

For meaning of this No. see Page II. of Cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the United Kingdom.

OUR STUPENDOUS FREE INSURANCE (See page 20.) If you desire to avoid the necessity of filling up and posting to us this weekly coupon, you may sign the Newsagent's Order Form on page 20, and forward the duplicate to us, and you will be *permanently insured* during such period as your order with such Newsagent remains in force.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form on page 20, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

GREAT WAR INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified on page 20.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

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NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my house or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

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EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
N. E. SCOTT, 6, Summerhill Terrace, Cork. 170,468. May 8th.
ROBERT DUNCAN, Thornbridge, Laurieston, Falkirk. 566,968. May 1st.
HARRY NEWTON, 5, Canal View, Hill Top, Sowerby Bridge. 301,552. May 8th.
WILFRID BRADLEY, 114, King Street, Farnworth. 721,936. May 8th.
RODERICK OLIVER, 6, Floating Bridge Road, Southampton. 499,192. May 8th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 22nd:—

000000	140821	385927	619409	821600
000454	168737	409452	644923	839383
001000	180081	414126	655074	874710
000306	202577	456479	687628	891315
000000	230376	474705	700965	901300
078513	260036	497737	721353	947617
078847	279017	514220	758641	950113
000859	287091	540287	793416	987435
114543	310593	550000	799581	A000746
126870	373235	560000	807582	A028952

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 2nd).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 29th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL Fountain Pen

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Hundreds of thousands in use and every user delighted!

21, North Street, CONGLETON.
DEAR SIR,—I received Pen yesterday and am quite delighted with it. Thanking you, Yours, etc., V. W. BROWN.

57, Fore Street, SALTASH.
I received the Pen and am more than delighted with it. I have used it a great deal and find it quite satisfactory in every respect. Faithfully yours, R. E. CHUBB.

4, Salmond Place, Abbeyhill, EDINBURGH.
Please accept my best thanks for Fountain Pen. It is just splendid and far beyond what I expected. Yours sincerely, ALEX. WILLIAMSON.

SEND NOW—CUT OUT COUPON ABOVE.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 469. Week ending Saturday, May 29th, 1915. One Penny.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for May 22nd, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 385,644 and 998,760.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Bottomley's Position.

With reference to various rumours and reports which have been current during the past week in regard to the Editor of this journal accepting a post in the new Ministry, it may be stated as a matter of definite fact that Mr. Bottomley has no intention of re-entering the House of Commons during the life of the present Parliament. By the time it comes to an end he hopes to have finally adjusted his own personal affairs, and also to have completed arrangements for the launching of the Business Government League, under whose auspices it is probable that several candidates will stand at the next General Election. In the meantime, his "pulpit" will be the editorial chair of this journal —and the public platform.

The Derby.

It will be nothing short of a scandal if a "Derby" is not run somewhere or the other. The Derby is not a race—it is a national institution; and the Kaiser will split his sides with laughter if we abandon it just because we are fighting Germany.

A Suggestion.

Here is a suggestion. There are, of course, difficulties in the way of restoring the abandoned race, but why not a new Newmarket Derby—for colts *and fillies*, thus combining the old Derby and Oaks in one big race, and making sure of a good entry?

The Spy Trial.

Two points occur to us. How came it that the man was left with a scarf long enough to hang himself with (not that, in *this* case, it really matters); and why *three* judges? Were they all going to sum up to the jury? A "Trial at Bar" at the Old Bailey is a novelty to us.

An Interesting Lecture.

On Saturday evening we take the chair at the Steinway Hall for a lecture on the war, by the Rev. A. J. Waldron, the famous Vicar of Brixton. We don't like the name of the hall, but we are sure we shall like the lecture.

Exit.

Sir Edward Speyer has "gone." He had an unfortunate name. Other naturalised Germans, please follow.

Those Donington Dons.

Are "ladies of society" still permitted to visit our distinguished guests at Donington Hall? And, if so, may we be favoured with the Visitors' Book?

Royal Marriages.

Now that we are altering so many things, wouldn't it be worth while to repeal the Royal Marriage Act, which provides that no member of the Royal Family may marry without the consent of the reigning sovereign? Let us, after the war, have some all-British princesses and princes.

Use Him.

A poor devil of a chap who had been previously "in trouble," and was charged the other day with stealing clothing, declared that he had resorted to every device to get into the army, being "a good cavalryman and a first-class shot"—but the Chairman of the London Sessions sent him to prison instead. Much better let him go and shoot Germans.

M.P.s' Salaries.

Is it quite fair that M.P.s who are at the Front should be drawing, in addition to their military pay, their salaries from the House of Commons? Compare this state of things with the case of the poor postal workers serving with the Colours. When the increased Separation Allowance came into force, they had 3s. a week deducted from their pay, despite the assurances given by the Postmaster-General, on the faith of which they enlisted.

German Partners.

A correspondent calls our attention to the unfortunate position of Britishers who, before the war, had entered into business partnerships with Germans, and are now tied to them—with certain ruin staring them in the face. A short Act authorising immediate dissolution of all such unholy commercial unions is all that is needed. Besides, what about "trading with the enemy"?

Alone They Did It.

Have you noticed how, as one by one our proposals are being adopted, the various Party papers come out with barefaced claims to have been their authors? The prohibition of the sale of raw spirits, the removal of the banner of the Kaiser from St. George's Chapel, the formation of a Coalition Ministry—are all claimed as the inspired policies of various journals; just as some day we shall read that the leaders of the Opposition were the authors of the Business Government idea. But "no matter," etc.

£100 every week for "Money Pictures." Our New Pastime Competition. See page 26.

The Great Game.

"Games as usual" is the untimely motto adopted by some councillors of Kent, whose action will be repudiated by the many fine fighting men who come from the Garden of England. Ramsgate Town Councillors are the guilty ones, for they have passed a resolution "that the Volunteer Training Corps be allowed the use of the Warre Recreation Ground on Thursday and Sunday afternoons till the end of the war, provided that there was no interference with games." Since that motion, with its peculiar proviso, was adopted, the Zeppelins have paid a flying visit to Ramsgate, and we should imagine the worthy fathers of the town are now inclined to hand their ground over to the military on the strict understanding that the games are not to interfere with the soldiers. There is only one game being played to-day—the great game, War; and tennis must make way for the "Terrier" and bowls retire before the bayonet. Ramsgate councillors had better take another look at the shattered Bull and George Hotel in their midst, and then hand over the Warre Ground for war purposes with all finnicking restrictions jettisoned.

The Houseless Hero.

Imagine a soldier coming home, severely wounded, from the Front; imagine this soldier—one of the heroes we glorify in song, picture, and story—being met with a summons for possession of the house he lived in; imagine the landlord carrying the case into court, and you have not the impossible product of a disordered imagination, but the actual facts as they faced the magistrates at Portadown Sessions. The soldier said he had been unable to pay his rent because he had received no money from the Government; when he obtained it he would pay. "I can't get my food," he pleaded, "let alone money to pay rent." It was an unavailing plea, for "their Worships gave a decree for possession," and out he must go. It is true the Chairman remarked that the landlord would not be hard if the money came and the rent was paid, and we earnestly hope that gentleman will have the charity—and the decency—to stay his hand before turning a wounded warrior into the street. But the magistrates might have assured this by postponing their decision. Where were their heads—and their hearts?

Two Sentences.

A drunken Germhun at Willesden stood outside the police-station shouting, "You dirty lot of English dogs!" As it was only the second time he had been charged with this offence, he was fined ten shillings, "which he at once paid"—probably thinking he had had his money's worth. An ex-soldier at Darlington, charged with being drunk and breaking the window of a man named Zissler, got twenty-eight days for the breakage, which he admitted, and ten shillings or seven days for the intoxication, which he denied. Of course, it is very wrong to break a window, even when the owner's name is Zissler, but the sentence is a stiff one, these days. Half the "time" might well have been shared by the Willesden gentleman who makes a habit of referring publicly to "dirty English dogs." It would have lessened the discrepancy.

The Bread of Battersea.

As an instance of the remarkable fascination the salubrious climate of Battersea—where Mr. John Burns comes from—has for those of alien nomenclature, it may be mentioned that in the neighbourhood of Battersea Park Road the state of the bakery business is thus: 1 Tesser, 2 Mader, 3 Schmidt, 4 Grupp, 5 Zurcher, 6 Osterlein, 7 Grandyol, 8 Hilt, 9 Henkel, 10 Kauffmann—the other one or two bakers having British names. No wonder some of the Battersea folk cut up crusty.

Regimental Rot.

Notwithstanding the great need for preparing our men for war, there is abundance of evidence that we can still indulge in all forms of tomfoolery. Acting-Corporal Sidney George Miller, at Canterbury, was recently had up before his officer, charged with three crimes. The room under his care was declared to be in an unclean and untidy state—in his defence, it should be said that he was out in charge of a squad daily from 8 a.m. till 5.30 p.m. The second charge was "irregular conduct" in that he asked that dinners should be provided for from 18 to 20 men who had been left dinnerless. The evidence at the Court-martial shows that Miller asked the squadron Q.M.S. for the dinners, and he was promptly placed under close arrest for "causing trouble and inconvenience." He saw the Q.M.S. in the evening and asked to be brought before the Adjutant, and as he refused to return to his room when told to do so, he was sent to the guard-room. He was kept under arrest with a guard over him, and a number of officers were duly told off to sit on a District Court-martial to try him. After all the fuss, and the expense and loss of time for privates, N.C.O.s, and officers, the man was simply reduced and sentenced to seven days' detention, which shows that the alleged crimes were not worth a tithe of the trouble taken in investigating them. It is time that the Commanding Officer of the 3rd Reserve Cavalry Regiment, and others, should learn that we are now bracing ourselves up to finish the present struggle, and that the less regard paid to frivolous tomfoolery and schoolboy nonsense the better.

When the Sleepers Wake.

Meat, as most of our readers will be unpleasantly aware, is at an abnormally high price, and is still rising. Sweet pickled cask beef and pork, for instance, now costs 18s. to 20s. a barrel more than a couple of months ago; yet at Cardiff has been lying for the last four months a captured German vessel containing a large quantity of this meat. With the absence of mind which sad experience has taught us to expect in Government departments, this stuff has thus been allowed to become practically valueless, as the maximum period for which it should be kept has now expired. Latest intelligence is that the officials are yawning and stretching their arms—so within the next few weeks an effort may be made to get the meat to market. We shall watch with interest to see what it fetches.

Fools and Lunatics.

"Are we not fools?" inquired the Stipendiary Magistrate at Cardiff, when tired of making orders on the county borough for the maintenance of alien pauper lunatics. Germans and Turks, said the beak, speaking sound sense, murder our soldiers and sailors and women and children; yet here we are, relieving and supporting their pauper lunatics. It was then that he put his penetrating query, and the learned Clerk, bowing to incontrovertible logic, signified his complete acquiescence by murmuring, "We are, we are, we are!" Cardiff must remember its compulsory foolishness when the war is over, and help us to see that all those alien pauper lunatics are sent over the raging main, and dumped down on the shores to which they belong, there to be maintained by the lunatics of their native land.

Babes of Bournemouth.

Sly humour lurks in many unsuspected spots, but we were scarcely prepared to track it down in the literature of the Church Missionary Society. In a printed synopsis of some anniversary festivities at Bournemouth we read, "Admission free (no unauthorised children)."

10 Special £5 Holiday Prizes. Another attractive "Bullets" offer. See page 28.

Jibbing at Discipline.

A Guernsey reader assures us that "this so-called discipline does more than anything else to retard recruiting"; a statement which Lord Kitchener may be pleased to consider. "For instance," says this Guernseyman, "I have just read an Order calling on all troops in Ireland to have their hair cut short and not to shave the upper lip. Now, if from habit, vanity, or any other reason I have worn my hair long and parted in the middle, why should I alter it now at the whim of the authorities?" Discipline, it is true, is a hard taskmaster, and up to a point these things appear to be contradictory and unnecessary—for while we should not expect General French to stop a battle in order that our Guernsey friend may shave his upper lip or part his hair in the middle, it may also be asked why the General should stay the advance while our friend gets his hair cut and allows his moustache to grow. The explanation is that the King's Regulations demand a moustache because it is supposed to make a soldier look pretty, and that he is not allowed to grow head-hair like a poet because in time of war it is desirable to economise in beetle powder. "I am quite sure," concludes the dear man, "that this sort of thing keeps more eligible men back than fear or cowardice ever does." As to that we cannot say; but it is undoubtedly true that some young men do refrain from enlisting because they always get a horrible shiver if they have to get up early of a morning.

A Canon "Gone Off."

Universal is the demand that a record be kept of Germhun atrocities, with the names of all responsible parties, high and low, and the Rev. Canon Peter Green, preaching in St. James's Church, Manchester, was moved to echo that righteous demand. But to no person other than the Canon has it been revealed why such a record should be kept. He agrees that the names of men responsible for such outrages should be made known—oh, yes! But "he did not mean for punishment"—oh, no! "It would be punishment enough that their names should go down to history as the perpetrators of such ghastly crimes." We ought never to hang a murderer; just tell him he is a naughty man, and it will be punishment enough. Such is the Canon's argument, with which we are in profound disagreement, as we also are with this further instance of drivelling stupidity:—"There should be no talk in England of retaliation by the use of poisonous gases. He would rather expose them (the Army) to such horrors than that they in turn should use them." Such is the comfortable view of a priest in the pulpit. Is it the view of the boys in the trenches that they "would rather be exposed to such horrors"? Or do they, like us, strongly dissent from, and object to, the opinions of a Canon who would "rather expose them"? And what says the Canon to Lord Kitchener's announcement?

Feed the Brutes.

We daily see dozens of blue-dressed wounded Tommies peeping out of the windows of St. Giles' Workhouse in Endell Street (and many other workhouses throughout the country are similarly tenanted), and this while we intern the Huns—not one of whom is fit to clean the boots of the British soldier—in palaces. We are not a vindictive nation, but the Man in the Street thinks we ought to feed our prisoners as the Kaiser feeds his—on potato broth, with solids in the shape of as much black bread as would feed a snipe. There are many unfortunate but honest British people who would like to be lumped with the interned aliens, if not for the sake of the company, for the certainty of the good and plentiful food.

Bagging a Boy.

The mercy of Mold magistrates is not strained; it is poured out by the bucketful—when the recipient does not deserve it. William Price, a farmer, of Terlas Goch Farm, near Mold, was charged with shooting a boy of 15, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The boy was trespassing in search of plovers' eggs. Whilst the lad was running away, the defendant, according to the newspaper report, "deliberately put the gun which he was carrying to his shoulder and fired." The police stated that the youngster bore forty-nine pellet marks, so Mr. Price is evidently not a bad shot. His excuse was that he had suffered much through trespassers on his fields, and that the gun went off accidentally. It is startling to find that the magistrates "gave him the benefit of the doubt, and the summons was dismissed." Mr. Price is a lucky man, but he should not presume on his good fortune. Let him, next time his gun is going off by accident, make sure that he does not raise it to his shoulder. Carelessness must not become a habit.

A Wesleyan Prayer.

After denouncing in scathing terms the fiendish horror of the *Lusitania*, Dr. Wardle Stafford, preaching at the Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, Newcastle, ended his sermon by saying his prayer was that God would forgive the nation which had done the deed. Apparently Dr. Stafford makes this petition in the spirit of that other prayer uttered in the sublime agony of the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But the difference in the case of the Jews and the Diabolists of Gehenna is that the Diabolists not only know what they do, but do it with a deliberation so monstrous as to make the wrath of God ring through all the corridors of heaven. In the far distant years of mercy the nation which instigates and justifies and applauds these crimes may be forgiven, but, as a preliminary, they will assuredly be damned. With what measure they mete it shall be measured to them again. So is it written. And so we believe.

Cross-examination.

"Colour Serjeant," wounded at Neuve Chapelle and now in hospital at Woolwich, tells us his battalion was in the assault on the village, in the main street of which was a Germhun machine-gun firing on the British. By great good luck he found himself with about twelve others on a Germhun flank. "Naturally I opened fire with my lads," he says, "and at the very first shot the Germhuns held up their hands. What would you have done in the circumstances? The same as I did, I suppose? Of course it was an accident, for we don't very often serve the wild beasts like that, but it *is* a bit off, isn't it? They blaze away at you till the last minute, and then just when you start to get among 'em with the steel, up go their hands!" As our illustrious friend says, it is a bit off, isn't it, and he needs not our balm for his conscience. Accidents *will* happen.

Deptford's Duty not Done.

Deptford Borough Council may benefit by a word in season. The record of their proceedings chronicles the appointment to the post of Chief Bookkeeper, of a gentleman aged 26, and also states there were thirty-six applications for the position. And now, O wise men of Deptford, will you say whether there was, or was not, among those thirty-five other applicants one competent man of more mature years? Was it absolutely necessary that you must appoint somebody of military age? Young fellows of twenty-six are better employed in keeping the flag flying than in keeping the books of a borough council.

For the ladies—Smart Overall Pattern offered free in this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

BARKS AND BITES.

BY OUR BULL-DOG.

(A page of caustic notes from the pen of a well-known writer.)

Enter a Business Government.

We are getting on. The Business Government is in sight. Folk speak of the "War Business," but we do not know what becomes of our lads until we see their names either in the casualty list or on the Honours List. We do not know what they have accomplished. We do not know how many Germans they have killed. We do not know whether they have killed more Germans than the Germans have killed of them. We want to know. We intend to know. No man or combination of men has done so much to bring about a Business Government as the Editor of this journal. He should be in the Government because he represents the opinion of average people in this country more than any other public man. That is real power. If power be successfully exerted against the German swine nothing else matters.

Britain's War Business.

What is our War Business?

To crush Germany.

What is meant by crushing Germany?

To expel the German from the seven French departments now under the heel of the Hun, to drive him out of nineteen-twentieths of Belgium and to expel him from Poland. That is the first part of our Business.

The second part is to conquer and subjugate the whole of Germany; to dictate peace in Berlin; to place British excisemen in Hamburg, Bremen and the German ports; to sink the German Fleet; to destroy Essen and to leave the Prussians with nothing but their eyes to weep with. Also to hang the Kaiser. As far as Britain is concerned, the central factor of the great problem is to put it out of the power of the German nation to build submarines. The Royal Navy cannot by itself prevent the Germans from building submarines. To that extent British war policy at sea is no longer what it was ten years ago. In 1905 the Navy was a sure shield. In 1915 the Navy is a sure shield only in the sense that it can prevent a landing on these shores from ships, barges or boats floating on the surface. The Army is the instrument required to destroy the power of Germany to build submarines. Therefore the Army must be strengthened by men and munitions. That is the first business of a Business Government.

The Control of the Navy.

To strengthen the Army we must keep faith with the soldier, place in the hands of one strong man the pursuit and subjection of alien enemies or alien subjects, without taking away from counties and boroughs the control and administration of local police affairs. Officers and men of the Royal Navy desire that the control of affairs *at sea* (as would be found if the Navy were polled) should be placed in the hands of Sir John Jellicoe. When the Navy entered upon this war it knew nothing of the conditions of submarine warfare. The Navy has bought experience. The price paid by the Navy was extortionate in the currency of lives and ships. The Navy has now learned the lesson. There are no German submarines in the Channel.

Naval Management of Naval Affairs.

Why not leave the Navy to manage the Navy? The Bank of England manages the Bank of England. The Editor of JOHN BULL manages JOHN BULL. In plain English, the Navy is fitter to manage the politicians than the politicians are to manage the Navy. Nevertheless, uncontrolled power is as bad for the Navy as for House of Commons Mystery Men. Therefore, the remission of naval management to naval men should be accompanied by the power of veto from representatives of the nation. Otherwise we run the chance of autocratic rule by an admiral instead of despotism in a civilian with a taste for omnipotence. Every human being alive requires checking, inspection and a due sense of fear of a superior officer. The fundamental vice of Parliament is that representatives have become delegates, and the servants of the Crown have become irresponsible masters of their paymasters—the taxed people.

The War in the Air.

Principles that apply to the Navy and Army are applicable to the air service. Though splendid work has been done by individuals, co-ordination of all branches of the air service is necessary to success. If the Navy and Army had had a free hand, it is incredible that an attack would not have been made upon the gates of Brünsbuttel, upon the German Fleet and upon Essen. The German attack on Southend was a theatrical display. The Zeppelin bomb only just missed sinking the *Royal Edward*, in which twelve hundred German prisoners were interned. The German air service, unlike our lawyer-civilian-political rulers, is not too proud to follow the elementary principles of ordinary strategy.

The Business of the Army.

I hear from the Front that a British preparation for assault by artillery is a bombardment of forty-five minutes; while a French preparation for assault on another part of the line continues for forty-eight hours. German trenches are now fifteen feet deep. No consumption of raw and immature spirit accounts for the discrepancy between French and British supplies of shell; lack of Business ability at home is the main cause of our fearful loss of life in the Front. The Business ability of a regiment is determined by its capacity to hold trenches without loss of life. Five regiments in the Front hold the record of never having evacuated a trench, although their losses have been few. The Business reputation of a Commander in the Field—that of Sir Douglas Haig for example—is military success with comparatively small losses.

The Lucky Contractors.

I know nothing that is of worse omen for our success than the slackness and muddling of our unbusiness-like Departments in the grip of the armament "ring." The "ring" firms, early in the war, obtained orders larger than they could execute. Firms outside the "ring" were left out in the cold. Their representatives cooled their heels in waiting rooms while Yankee firms and "ring" firms were gorged with orders. Sir Arthur Markham has told the House of Commons of a certain well-equipped manufactory which has done much work during the past thirty years for the fighting departments. Until the end of the year this firm had never received a single inquiry from the War Office or the Admiralty with regard to the making of munitions of war. For nine months (nature's period of human gestation) neither the War Office nor the Admiralty took the trouble to organise the munition industry. The British are supposed to be more businesslike than the French. Yet the French have beaten us on the business side of war, although Business used to be our strong point.

WHERE ON EARTH ARE WE?

Have we all gone Mad?—Playing into the Hands of the Kaiser.

Verily the war is working wonders. Everything is in the melting-pot. Social, political and religious shibboleths are all going by the board; and we realise in what a world of unreality we have all been living in the past. Or, rather, we are beginning to realise it. For even yet there are people who think that politicians, pedagogues and parsons really matter. But they will soon be disillusioned. The only man who does matter is he who can shoulder a gun, he who can make one—*and he who can compel them to do it.* There you have it in a sentence. And, bearing this fundamental fact always in mind, let us look at the present position of affairs and endeavour to ascertain where we are.

The Damnation of Party.

Here undoubtedly is the most remarkable change. Said the old poet:—

> What none of the Gods would have dared grant to thy prayers,
> Behold the revolving day hath brought forth of its own accord.

And now, in the later words of Wordsworth, we witness the spectacle of:—

> A Party in a parlour
> All silent and all damned.

And poor Mr. Asquith is working night and day on the formation not of a new system of government, but of a Coalition Ministry, formed of selected players in the old game. It is a difficult task, *and when it is compl ted the thing won't work.* But it will fill up the gap—till the war is over, and the Nation—nd the man—are ready. Let us, therefore, do and say nothing to embarrass the poor Premier. The old machine—rusty and obsolete as it was—has broken down, and we must give the spare parts a chance. With careful driving it *may* get to the end of the war—if only the steering gear will last. Good luck to the rickety old 'bus, and to its weird and nondescript occupants. By next week we shall know more about it, and we shall doubtless be moved to "say a few words." In the meantime, however, one or two little things arrest our attention. We read, for instance, that "the City is up in arms against the suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George should be removed from his present post." Think *that* over. "The City"—that is to say, the bankers—who have played with the little attorney from Wales to a right merry tune. And, a year ago, they would have hanged him to a lamp-post! But now they adore him—because, knowing nothing of finance himself, he has been a good boy and done just as he was told! Wily old bankers! Then we read that Mr. Arthur Henderson, the lay preacher, who has preached his way into the "leadership" of the Labour Party, is to be—yes, there it is in black and white—*President of the Board of Trade!* Now we like Mr. Henderson. He is a good, honest, genial chap—and worth a thousand Ramsay Macdonalds; but President of the Board of Trade!! Still, as the dear old lady said when she first heard a sad Bible story—let us hope it isn't true. Then there is the staggering report that Mr. McKenna is to replace Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty—and a lot of other funny things as to which, at the time of going to press, we can only "wait and see." One bright item, however, emerges from the mass of confusion—Lord Haldane is to go, whither we neither know nor care. But he may take this satisfaction with him—that nothing will so well become him in his public life as the time and manner of his quitting it. The great Lord Sidmouth once said that "no man is fit to be a minister in this Empire unless it is to him a matter of supreme indifference whether he dies in his bed or on the scaffold." Evidently Lord Haldane is not of an indifferent disposition!

Well, we will leave the political muddle where it is for the moment.

The Navy and the Army.

Here, too, things are all awry. Fisher and Churchill seem to have had a row; whilst, apparently, French and Kitchener are not quite hitting it off. And, of course, the papers are taking a hand in the affair, telling us all about it and taking sides; whilst the chief actors remain dumb—and go on with their work. Churchill, we are told, ordered the forcing of the Dardanelles without consulting either Fisher—which is obviously absurd—or Kitchener—which is just probable; with the result that we started off without the necessary military co-operation, and got into no end of a mess. French, it is said, blames Kitchener for not having the proper kind of shells; and Kitchener, we understand, says that the responsibility for shells and explosives rests with the Ordnance Department and not with him. *Wherefore* (*we* are not responsible for the *non sequitur*) it is suggested that either Mr. Bonar Law or Mr. Lloyd George should be sent to look after him! And either Mr. McKenna—*un*popularly known in the House as "the shopwalker"—or Mr. Balfour—who in a "philosophic" contest would be handicapped at even weights with Lord Haldane—is to keep an eye on Fisher. Where *are* we?

The Racing "Spoof."

And what fools we are making of ourselves over this racing business! A bigger bit of "spoof" was never successfully engineered. The exigencies of the railway service was the first pretext, and no sooner had the Government got its way than it proceeds to smash up a troop train. How Mr. Runciman must have cursed himself that there wasn't a race meeting somewhere in the district! And how gullible the Jockey Club have been in the matter—acting more like a lot of school children than as an independent, Business authority. "Just say the word," whined Lord Derby, "and we will do whatever you ask." Never mind the thousands of people who will be thrown out of work, nor the towns and districts which will be ruined; never

mind the harm which will be done to horse breeding; never mind what fools we should look in the eyes of our Russian, French and Belgian Allies, the first of which is still carrying on its racing in full swing, whilst the other two are actively supporting it over here; never mind *anything*—we must just be good children and do whatever schoolmaster tells us. And, therefore, we proceed to emulate the methods of the German submarine which sank the *Lusitania*, and, without any warning, dislocate an enormous industry and bring ruin upon thousands. To our knowledge many hundreds of printers are receiving notice, whilst a large number of stable hands, ineligible for military service, will also be thrown upon the world—many of them being married men with families. Small owners, too, will be quite unable to keep their horses, which will probably be half-starved, pending the conclusion of the war. We are satisfied that the railway traffic excuse is a mere subterfuge, with no more foundation than the now exploded drink bogey—especially in the case of the Derby, where the majority of people go by road, and which could have been successfully held even if not a single race train had run to Epsom. It is a monstrous injustice towards breeders, nominators, and owners of animals engaged in the classic races that they should be deprived of the valuable certificates which success in any such events represent. As we have already said, our French, and Belgian, and Russian Allies will be amazed at our action. Only the other day the French Government gave special Permits for the transfer of racehorses to this country, in order that they might take part in our events. Belgian owners, too, have transferred their horses over here, and were just beginning to win races—only now to have the expense of keeping their large studs idle.

On the other hand, Ireland is apparently to be left out of the prohibition, and we regret the matter did not come up for discussion before the House of Commons adjourned, when no doubt the intervention of Mr. Redmond would have been as effective as it was in the case of the abortive drink taxes.

Mr. Runciman knows no more about racing than he did about turnips when he became President of the Board of Agriculture, or he would not have dared to take so drastic a step, the effects of which will be most far-reaching, and may easily grow to a greater menace to the Government than it will be capable of coping with. The whole thing is a Puritanical, dishonest device on the part of Ministers, who have muddled the war, to divert attention from their shortcomings and incompetence.

Beer, Blether and Berlin.

And look at this beer and blether business. "We are fighting three foes," said Lloyd George, "Germany, Austria and Drink—and the greatest foe of the three is Drink"! And so he proceeds to slay the monster, by taxing him out of existence—until Mr. Redmond comes along and says "No, you don't"; and then he turns Licensed Victualler himself, and says, "Wherever men are working on munitions of war, *I* will attend to their drink." He forgets that the biggest rampers at the licensed trade at present are those holding Canteen and Camp contracts under Government authority. Every day complaints reach us from soldiers of the impositions to which they are subjected. Here is a typical one:—"I was directed to take charge of the West Canteen: had to sell very inferior beer to the poor soldiers, who get 3s. a week, and charge them 3d. per pint, and *was told to give them short measure* so as to make another ten per cent. on the £3 12s., which the 36 gallons would be sold for." Come, Saint George, you must mend the official methods before entering into competition with good, honest old Boniface.

And, whilst you are about it, you may as well consult regular members of the Trade as to the effect of your silly Closing regulations. Here is a little paragraph from the Sunday papers;—

> Peril of Quick Drinking.
>
> Attention was drawn to-day at a Southwark inquest to the increasing number of cases of delirium tremens, especially amongst women.
>
> The master of Bermondsey Workhouse thought the increase was due to the fact that the hours of public-houses were restricted and people "seemed to crowd more drink down in the time."

No wonder our Allies are having a good laugh at us!

It was characteristic of the fanaticism of the cranks for whom Mr. Lloyd George laboured at his preposterous enthusiasms that they saw nothing unjust or unreasonable in doubling the price of a glass of whisky, or even in prohibiting it altogether say, in London, because one riveter or shipwright in ten thousand on the Clyde slacked owing to getting drunk. The agitation was begotten in mystery and nurtured in exaggeration. The particular yards in which this disastrous drinking takes place were carefully unidentified. The men were never asked to answer for themselves before the accusations were launched against them. Everything was put down to drink and nothing to other conditions peculiar to urgent war work. If the Government had grasped the situation at the right time, in the right spirit, and with the methods of business men, the evil could have been dealt with effectively without fuss and without fuming. But no! Here was a text for drink sermons. Here was an emergency of war to be turned into an opportunity for fanatical teetotal legislation. It was not intended to be temporary war legislation—*any more than the racing suspension is.* Mr. Lloyd George let the cat out of the bag during one of the debates in the House. "*There may be all sorts of things as a result of an experiment of this kind, and Parliament may have to deal with them,*" he said. There it is. In a time of war, when we are all supposed to be united in a common motive and a common aim, the Prohibitionists and the Spoil-Sports have captured the first outposts of the citadel of social freedom. Having obtained command of the public-houses; having put on an apron, and commenced selling beer and bunkum and blarney over the counter, there is nothing to prevent the Government passing on in gradual stages to the exclusive control of the nation's gargle department. It is up to the new Ministry to stop their blether and get to business. It is up to it to put the private and the public shipyards and munition works in order to fulfil their contracts with maximum efficiency and output; and we have already shown them how to do it.

We freely grant that beer must not bar us from Berlin. There is not a patriotic one of us who

would not voluntarily swear-off alcohol until after the war if it were preventing the avenging march of the British and French and Belgian armies across the Rhine. But there is no need to make idiots of ourselves. No war was ever yet won on ginger-pop. What we want is Business—not blether.

Those Aliens.

And where are we in this matter? A fortnight ago we were lulled to sleep by the official assurance that the Government had full power—and intended to use it—to intern all alien enemies of military age and to deport those over it. The women, too (who are in many cases active spies), were to be sent home; and although the naturalised Germans were to be assumed loyal, they, too, were to be placed under careful observation, and, where suspicion existed, also interned or deported. Well, what is being done? We hear of hundreds of docile Teutons surrendering themselves to the police, and being told to go away—there being, apparently, no "accommodation" for them at present! But they are ordered to be indoors by nine o'clock at night, and to go to bed like good boys and girls. Isn't the thing a farce? And isn't it about time we interned some of our rulers? Really some of them ought to go back to the Infants' School. It never occurs to them that one of the first things the professional spy would do would be to naturalise himself and thus disarm suspicion—*or else obtain employment in munition and armament works*. But the Government regards both these things as evidences of loyalty and patriotism. Oh, dear us!

Always bear in mind that a combined naval and Zeppelin raid is coming—and when it does come there ought not to be a German-born man or woman at large in the land. We cannot afford to take any risks. We have already indicated our plan for differential treatment as between long and newly naturalised and unnaturalised Germans; and we would exclude from internment Poles and Hungarians long resident over here—knowing that they will be only too happy to be released from the Kaiser's rule. But as regards all the rest, it should be made clear to the new Ministry that the nation's patience is nearly exhausted; and if the horrors of a general anti-German vendetta are to be averted, definite and vigorous action must be taken without a further day's delay.

Here is a scheme which we commend to the consideration of the Government:—

(1) That the British Authorities lease a suitable island or islands within the United Kingdom, sufficiently remote from neighbouring shores, such, for example, as Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel, as a place of internment for unnaturalised aliens.

(2) That both civil and military prisoners should be deported to these islands.

(3) That tents and other materials for housing accommodation should be provided and Inspectors appointed by the Government, and that the prisoners themselves should provide the labour necessary to carry out the erection of the requisite accommodation under the supervision of such Inspectors.

(4) That a committee of prisoners elected by them from their own body should be constituted in each place of internment, who should be entrusted with the regulation of victualling and other social arrangements.

(5) That all provisions, stores, etc., allowed to prisoners should be delivered into the custody of this committee, who should be responsible for the distribution of all rations and the proper feeding of the prisoners.

(6) That the prisoners should undertake such useful labour as could properly and conveniently be carried on at their place of internment.

(7) That a naval and military guard should be maintained with such offensive and defensive provisions for ensuring the safe custody of the prisoners as might be considered necessary.

(8) That any case of attempted escape or insubordination should be referred to and be dealt with by Court-Martial.

(9) That committees composed of military and civilian members, including a member of a neutral State, be appointed to periodically visit the internment camps with a view to investigating recommendations or complaints and reporting thereon to the proper authorities.

The advantages of some such arrangement as this are fairly obvious, but it might, amongst other things, lead to the following results:—

(*a*) A cessation of information which at the present time appears to be frequently conveyed to the enemy in correspondence, personal communication, and signalling of various kinds.

(*b*) A cessation of the opportunity to plot against the country and the putting of such plots in execution when the fitting opportunity from the enemy's point of view should occur.

(*c*) That the social welfare and feeding of the prisoners, subject to reasonable limitations, would be under the control of a prisoners' committee, and the responsibility for their treatment and care would remain with that committee, so that recriminatory reports as to their treatment would to a very great extent be avoided.

As regards naturalised Germans, they could be made first and second-class prisoners in accordance with some such scheme as that we have already outlined.

About Ourselves.

Just a word about ourselves. Here is an extract from the Parliamentary papers:—

> Mr. King, through the Parliamentary papers, addressed the following question to the Attorney-General: Whether, previous to the riots which occurred in London and elsewhere last week, various newspapers published inflammatory articles inciting to lawlessness, and put out such placards and headings as "Hunt Them Down," "Now for a Vendetta," and "Down with the Swine"; and whether he has considered the question of prosecuting those responsible for these incitements to robbery, violence, and destruction of property.
>
> Sir John Simon has replied: This matter is under consideration.

We are not, of course, concerned to defend the literary style of any of our contemporaries, nor have we seen the articles to which their posters relate; but in regard to our own appeal, we will only say that as soon as Sir John Simon, or his successor, or Sir Stanley Buckmaster, or Sir Charles Mathews, or whoever else is "considering the matter" has made up his mind, we are at his disposal. How much longer time is required? Shall we, as in the case of the Kaiser's banner, "say seven days," Mr. Attorney-General?

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

OFFENSIVE TACTICS OF L.C.C. OFFICIALS.

"An Englishman's home is his castle," unless it happens to be a "model dwelling" controlled by the London County Council—in which case it seems to be open to inspection by any "nosy Parker" in uniform at all hours of the day and night. Among several recent complaints on this score, we select that of a soldier, now stationed at Aldershot, whose wife and family were domiciled at Shadwell, E., under the protecting wing of the L.C.C. He writes:—

> The rent-collector called at the cottage last Tuesday week about 10 a.m. My wife had just finished bathing the baby, and a little water had spilt on the oilcloth. The man made no complaint, but half-an-hour afterwards the Surveyor called, saying that the collector had complained to him that there was some water on the floor. The Surveyor had himself inspected the house at 9 a.m. the same morning—as the kitchen was to be re-papered—but made no complaint.

It may be conceded that this is an *ex parte* account of the affair, but from our knowledge of similar cases we have little reason to doubt its accuracy. For the reproof of tenants failing to conform to their standards of cleanliness, the Housing Department of the Council have a set form of remonstrance, the terms of which are frequently out of all relation to the nature of the official complaint. Thus in the present case the wife of the tenant was served with a notice of this offensive kind:—

> It is reported to me that at a recent visit to the cottage you occupy the same was in a dirty and untidy condition. I have to point out to you, therefore, that the rules of your tenancy provide that the rooms shall be kept in a clean and wholesome condition, and it is important in the interests of the tenants that this rule should be strictly observed.

Had the place been reeking with filth, no sharper rebuke could have been administered, and we cannot for a moment think that such a reproof can have been in any sense deserved. For four years our correspondent has occupied this cottage without a single complaint of any kind. It is most unfortunate that he should have been worried in this way on the eve of his departure for France, and we cannot forbear to quote his explanation of the affair:—

> In January last, some L.C.C. workmen deposited about 5 cwt. of bricks and soot outside our back windows, together with other refuse of an offensive description. I don't think the present letter would have been received except for the fact that when last I was at home I told the caretaker I should write to JOHN BULL about the matter. I received the enclosed notice by the last post the same evening.

Pure coincidence, no doubt!

SPARKS AND "THE SPARKLING."

JACK AND JILL STILL DRINK THEIR FILL.

We recently staggered the nation with our disclosures regarding the result of a visit by a party of ladies to a torpedo boat destroyer at Newport. The amount of the damage caused by the careless discharge of one of the vessel's torpedoes upon that occasion approximates, we have ascertained, £4,500—which, presumably, the taxpayers will have to find. An appalling loss of life might also have been occasioned, but for the providential change of position, ten minutes earlier, of a cargo steamer. We hoped that such an event would have put a stop to shilly-shallying on the part of officers and crews of these boats, but we are told that only the other day two of them, stationed at Harwich, could not proceed to sea as the officers were not to be found. It subsequently transpired that they had been away playing tennis with two of the fair sex! There is much talk locally of "goings on" on board these destroyers, and if a tithe of what is said be true, it is a very great pity that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not totally prohibited the consumption of sparkling wine—at any rate, in the neighbourhood of the stations of craft of war.

KAISER BILL ON TEETOTALISM.

WILLIAM'S WORDS STARRED IN TEMPERANCE TRACT.

It would be interesting to learn whether the Western Temperance League, of Cranbrook Road, Bristol, is still issuing No. 1 of their "Sunshine Series." It is a small pink leaflet, on sale at 2s. per thousand—and not cheap at the price. It contains an invitation, "Please Read and Pass On." An obliging reader has complied with the request, and the thing has been "passed on" to us. Its heading, in large type, is, "Why Am I a Total Abstainer?" and the anonymous questioner proceeds to supply himself with four answers that concern us not, being neither instructive nor even amusing. But the concluding paragraph is a horse of quite another colour, for it is neither more nor less than a weighty pronouncement by the Germhun Emperor, couched in his usual highfalutin style. This is what Wilhelm the Second, Emperor of the Huns, has to say as High Priest of Total Abstinence:—"If you educate the people to do without alcohol, I shall get healthy and sensible subjects. If you promote these principles, my people will be morally elevated. That is a work in which I like to ask you to take a share."

So there you have it. Now you know. It is teetotalism that has made the Germhuns such a noble and moral nation. William the Ruffian himself claims that if "his people" refrain from alcohol, he will get the kind of subjects that he needs to do his will. He will see them "morally elevated"—and we hope to see them physically elevated, as high as the gallows-tree. The temperance party must be hard up for heroes when they trot out William the Bedlamite as their "Number One" model to follow, and print his pompous prattle as gospel guidance for the footsteps of the faltering and the frail. If total abstinence does produce the results William claimed for it, if it does lead to the end he aimed at, we have seen what that end is, and we know to what it has led him and his other hounds. The temperance people should displace the Kaiser from their gallery of saints and utilise him as the "shocking example." And they should withdraw this pink leaflet, which we are surprised to find has been in circulation during the war.

A PRAYER FOR THE FOE.

OBJECTIONABLE PLEADING FORCED UPON CHILDREN.

There lies before us a printed leaflet headed, "Bristol Education Committee." It is "A Form of Prayer to be Recited Daily at Noon in the Schools during the Time of War." No objection can be taken to the greater part of the wording, and, if it is necessary for the children to recite a prayer before toddling off home to dinner, this one might be considered simple and harmless enough, except for one passage. And to that one passage we take strong objection:—"Look down in mercy upon those who are now fighting against us."

We object to that. We object to our little ones, whose fathers and brothers may be fighting, being dragooned into praying every day for the benefit of the foe against whom their relatives are in the field. We object to their young minds being warped and distorted by a spurious sentimentality in favour of Germhun fiends; if anybody must gabble of "mercy" from Heaven for Satan's disciples on earth, let it be college professors, headmasters, and such-like old women; let it not be forced from the lips of little boys and girls. We object to this wrong-headed, wrong-worded, and un-British prayer being "recited daily at noon," and we hope fathers of children who have the thing imposed upon them will second our objection by protesting to the school authorities. If the children must pray at noontide, let them pray for their own, and for the good of their own; not for the good of the enemy.

This prayer is headed, "The Lord's Prayer." It is not the Lord's Prayer. The Lord's Prayer is a beautiful composition, a lovely pleading for fine things in divine words; it is a prayer for which the worst among us must find reverence.

The "John Bull" Pen—thousands in use, and every user delighted.

THE MORMON MISCHIEF.

PESTILENT PROWLERS POLLUTING LONDON SUBURBS.

The slimy Mormon is still busy in the land. He has a habit of calling at our homes—usually choosing the quiet, unpretentious suburban ones—with his arguments, insinuations and tracts; and he is artful enough, and dangerous enough, to time his calls when the master of the house may be presumed to be absent on his business, so that he may secure the advantage of a talk with the ladies at his uninterrupted ease. The Mormon missioner has a carneying, seductive way with him that may impress unsuspicious females, so it is on them that he seeks to exercise his unhealthy blandishments. Sometimes he persuades a lady to listen, and, once possessed of her ear, he pours in his poison. He values this sly and secret start, because he trusts to make it the medium for much mischief to follow.

One of these designing missioners is at work just now in the Northern suburbs of London, and we hear of him from Harringay. He is described as "a very charming young man"; no doubt he has been selected for his job because of his prepossessing appearance and apparent polish of manner. He leaves a tract or two, of which we have received specimens. As they are just introductory leaflets—a kind of preliminary canter before coming to real business—they make no parade of free love teaching, nor do they enlarge on the blessings of marriage by the multiplication-table. They are just the ordinary irreverent imaginings of the Mormon mind concerned with the genesis of their precious "Church." "Dear Friend," the reader is addressed, "are you looking for more truth?" Because, if so, the caller says he is going to call again, when he will "take pleasure in explaining anything further." If he is anything but a canting humbug and lascivious hypocrite, he might be asked to explain how he can swallow the official Mormon yarns concerning the founder of their "religion," Joseph Smith, who, at the age of fourteen, is blasphemously declared to have been visited by the Father and the Son. This terrible lie is told as if it described a visit of ceremony. "The Father, pointing to the Son, proclaimed, 'This is my beloved son.'" It reads like an introduction in society, and one expects the further intimation, "This is Joseph Smith"! More reference to these Mormon impieties must be withheld; one shudders to repeat them, and we decline to follow the accounts so unblushingly paraded of interviews with John the Baptist, Peter and James. There are names of other Scriptural folk whose fellowship was bestowed on Joseph Smith, but that of Ananias is omitted.

THE TERRORS OF THE TUBES.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE TO PREVENT A CATASTROPHE.

We think that, without a moment's delay, the authorities should issue an order that no one, except uniformed attendants, be allowed to travel on the platforms between the carriages of our underground trains. At present, sometimes nearly a dozen people are jammed into the narrow space, and—quite apart from the inconvenience which consequently arises—such a state of things renders it easy for an evilly disposed person to drop a bomb, which would be almost certain to cause enormous loss of life, besides imperilling the water and electric light supplies of London. It is too awful to contemplate what would be the result of a high explosive thrown from a train passing under the Thames, as the river water would be forced up into the streets. Although, owing to the immediate stoppage of the trains, everybody below ground when the explosion occurred would probably be drowned, the miscreant himself could time a fuse so as to permit him to gain the streets, and safety. Unfortunately, the Underground authorities jealously preserve their "rights" and—as we showed upon a prior occasion—have refused the police permission to enter their premises, even when engaged in the detection of crime. In times like these, however, no citizen or corporation must stand in the way of the public safety. Passengers on the Underground with suspicious parcels or bulky pockets should be searched—especially if of Teutonic appearance.

THE ANCHORED DUTCHMAN.

DANGEROUS FACILITIES ALLOWED TO NEUTRAL VESSELS.

We are constantly receiving accounts of the mysterious doings of Dutch vessels around our coasts. The chief officer of a London steamer—whose name, for obvious reasons, we withhold—gives some interesting particulars of his experiences and observations.

Every British vessel, it appears, has to dismantle her wireless installation on entering home waters, yet Dutch ships are permitted to keep their wireless intact—and, as their installation is generally of the German type, it is quite easy for them to communicate with Kiel or Wilhelmshaven without their messages being picked up by our own instruments, which are, of course, mainly on the Marconi system. These "neutrals," too, also have a code of signals such as is used by vessels of no other nationality, and which are not described in any published book. By day they carry a distinctive cone; by night, while under way, their lights also identify them. When at ancher, they actually have the name of the ship illuminated in a manner similar to that of some of our street advertisements in the old times before the war. They, of course, are then very conspicuous, and must be easily found by any ship or Zeppelin which, in consequence of a wireless message, desires to get to their vicinity. No British vessel is permitted to show anything but navigation lights.

The other day two Dutch boats, laden with corn, anchored in the Downs. The captains proceeded ashore and intervewed the King's Harbour Master, expecting to be ordered off. Imagine their delight when they were courteously shown the charts of the mine fields in the Gull and other channels! Even without such instruction, Dutch vessels bound for Rotterdam are repeatedly seen steering right across the mine-fields, although, of course, against all orders and warnings.

When our readers next see in the newspapers a report of the torpedoing of a British ship on the east or south coasts, they should keep their eyes open for the apparently innocent statement that a Dutch boat was in the vicinity—one will usually be found there or thereabouts.

SWINDLERS, LIMITED.

A WARNING TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Persons with spare capital to invest should be on their guard against the seductive overtures of the Britannic Picture Palaces, Limited, lately operating from 10, Sherwood Street, Piccadilly Circus, W. A company with this name was registered in March, 1913, but from then till now no business of any kind seems to have been done, and no returns having been filed, the concern has at length been struck from the official register. With the aid of speciously-worded prospectuses, they have striven to entrap the small investor, and in some instances have tempted persons of modest means to embark hard-won savings upon one or another of their phantom schemes. In a pamphlet now before us, the future of the cinema theatre is glowingly portrayed and a golden harvest predicted for investors in this form of enterprise. We read:—

> In purchasing shares in the Britannic Picture Palaces, Limited, the small capitalist has the opportunity of making money which the larger capitalist is daily doing for himself. It is well known that if you have £5, £10, or £50, it is impossible for you to start well in business. By employing that amount in investing in this company there is a certain possibility of your deriving a profit out of all proportion to the sum employed.

The phrase "certain possibility" is a master stroke! Journalistic comments, and even poetic allusions, are freely employed to point the moral and adorn the tale. Misled by these plausible tales, a lady reader entrusted her small savings to the Company, but so far has received not a penny of dividend, while her prospects of reclaiming her capital become daily more remote. In the course of two years the "certain possibility" of immense profit has become a practical certainty of dead loss. It is a swindle of the worst type.

More War Insurance Claims paid. 79 readers already benefited. See page 20.

THE BISHOP AND THE BANNS.

CHURCH DOORS CLOSED AGAINST A YOUNG COUPLE.

The bigotry and blindness of some sections of the Church are calculated to amaze the onlooker. The clergy are every day bemoaning the weakened influence of their order and lamenting its increasing unpopularity, but the reason is not far to seek. It lies, not in the unbelief of the people, but in the narrow-minded methods of the pastors. A Christian ministry whose acts are contrary to the ordinary conceptions of Christianity and humanity must be prepared for the defection of followers when their very faithfulness is flouted.

A case very much to the point comes from Bristol. A young man, engaged to be married, unfortunately compromised the young lady and himself. Having transgressed, it was his desire to make all possible amends by taking the honorable course of marrying the girl at the earliest moment, so he "put up the banns" at the parish church. One would expect the Church to eagerly render its aid and to extend a joyous welcome to one of its sons anxious to atone for his error. A ceremony under that sacred roof would have washed away the stain. But the vicar thought, and acted, otherwise. He informed the young man that he could not perform the marriage ceremony "owing to the young lady's condition." To the ordinary, unclerical mind the young lady's condition would supply the most eloquent reason for the performance of the ceremony.

Now the young man's family have always been steady church-goers, and his father was hurt at the turn of affairs, so he wrote an appealing letter to the Bishop of the diocese, explaining he had "always hoped his children would marry at church instead of the registry office." He said that the vicar was acting upon a decision of the late Bishop, which he trusted could be amended, and "with every confidence he awaited his lordship's reply." The reply came, right enough, but it scarcely justified the confidence of a good Churchman. Take this self-righteous passage from the considered judgment on the case of my Lord Bishop:—"The Church service was certainly never intended to be used in such cases, and the Blessing pronounced upon a marriage which has been preceded by the sin of unchastity." Oh, my Lord Bishop! What about "the joy in Heaven over one sinner who repenteth?" Is it a joy that Bristol declines to share—or recognise? But let his lordship proceed:—"The late Bishop laid down certain rules with regard to these cases, and these rules I endorse. My advice is that your son should be married at the Registry Office."

Such is the sentence meted out to a young man anxious to walk in the ways of grace—"Keep out of my Church; go to the Registry Office!" Yet Bishops and clergymen wonder why people "don't go to Church"!

CRUELTY UNDERGROUND.

REVELATIONS OF A PIT BOY'S TORMENTS.

Ghastly cruelty done deep down in the bowels of the earth seems doubly dreadful when dragged into the light of day. Three young men employed in a pit at Astley behaved brutally to a boy of fifteen. They tied him in a sack, up to the neck, dragged him over rough ground, and dropped him; they removed his clothes, smeared his body with an evil oil, and carried him up and down, naked; they pulled him on to the metals and held him in front of moving tubs till he was within a foot of death; they held and swung him over the shaft, where there was a drop of 600 feet; they rolled him in tubs, and they pulled him up by the jaw, injuring it so that he was unable to eat for some time. All this sounds like a record of the Germhuns in a White Paper book of cruelties; it does not read a bit like the doings of Lancashire lads. In answer to the charge they pleaded there was no cruelty; they said the sack incident was a joke, and they denied some of the other circumstances. Evidently they were ashamed of such things as were alleged against them; and the fines of 37s. each, in which they were mulcted, may serve them as a reminder that they got off very cheaply and luckily.

THE HUN'S PARADISE.

BANDS, CONCERTS, AND PICNICS FOR ISLE OF MAN ALIENS.

Some of the newly-interned aliens are said to be destined for the Isle of Man, and they are probably congratulating themselves on securing such pleasant quarters. The place has been made very comfortable and enjoyable for them—almost, in fact, "a home from home." Some short time back there was a deplorable outbreak at the detention camp, and since then, we are told by a very reliable authority, "the aliens have had it all their own way." Singing and the joyous music of the bands have been the order of the day. Certainly for some weeks past the Isle of Man has been a place of pleasant sojourn for Germhuns, who have been permitted, encouraged, and assisted to have quite a good time.

Lest it should be imagined we have over-stated the case, and painted the lot of the interned ones in too bright colours, we quote a blunt paragraph from the *Isle of Man Daily Times*:—"A number of the aliens from the Douglas Camp had a picnic on Snaefell on Saturday. As they were returning to the camp they caught sight of a newspaper placard announcing the *Lusitania* murders, whereupon they manifested their delight and satisfaction by bursting into prolonged cheering."

A picnic for the ruffians? The statement is so staggering, the bare possibility of such a thing is so incredible, that there seems to have been a mistake. But again we are able to rely upon authority which we cannot question. "This"—the picnic—"is a positive fact. It was given to fifty aliens." And we learn that it was provided by a gentleman who should have known better, but who is so attentive to these aliens that soldiers call them his "lambs"! A state of things is here revealed that calls for instant and drastic alteration. There must be no more bands and picnics for Germhun skunks who celebrate an unnecessary outing by cheering the crowning crime of the murdering nation to which they belong—conduct which surely opened the eyes of even the muddle-headed benefactor who was stupid enough to provide that "picnic" for them.

THE BEGGING-LETTER SCANDAL.

BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL BY A DAUGHTER.

We are asked by a lady to expose once more the begging-letter propensities of descendants of old offenders who were adepts at the game for something like twenty-five years. Begging-letter writing, artistically conducted, must be a paying profession; we say so, not because we would encourage anybody to take up the art, but to discourage readers from answering such effusions. The head of the family under notice, together with his wife, who was his competent assistant, have now gone the way of all flesh, and the business is apparently carried on by a daughter.

Her name is Henville; she is, she will tell you, "Yours faithfully, Emily Gertrude Henville," and she writes from the sweet seclusion of an Oxfordshire village. She starts her letter by saying that she takes a great liberty by asking for assistance—and it is a liberty, a daring one. But she has just lost her dear mother, who passed away after three strokes. So there is terrible trouble, gloom, and deep sorrow, *etc.*, *etc.* She is utterly destitute and forlorn, but "you can never lose by helping a clergyman's daughter"—and then follows a reference to Divine recompense which we refrain from quoting. The whole thing is cleverly done, and is calculated to deceive the unwary and soft-hearted. The writing is sprawling and rapid, as though done in grief—but the real reason is probably haste, for the lady sends out these missives in large numbers all over the country to addresses secured from subscription lists of various charities. Our information is very decidedly to the effect that Emily Gertrude Henville is quite unworthy of consideration or assistance. Any reader receiving a letter of the kind indicated will do well to recollect that it comes from a member of an old firm, conducting an old and disreputable business. Burn it—or send it to the Oxfordshire police.

Over 3,000 "Bullets" Prizes this week—including 10 Special £5 Holiday Prizes.

MISFORTUNES OF WAR.

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF PATRIOTISM.

Military readers may be interested in the complaint of a Bristol man, who for some years past has subscribed to the Royal Co-operative Collecting Society, of Birmingham. At the outset of the war, our friend, who had formerly served in the Army, rejoined the Colours, and being anxious to ascertain his position in relation to the Society, he communicated with the Secretary upon the matter. His inquiries were mainly directed to the question of sick benefit during the continuance of hostilities, but upon this point the official reply was studiously vague. It ran :—

> Replying to yours in reference to Industrial Branch business, we are allowing our members every consideration during the war, and our managers have authority to continue carrying policies where members' income is affected.

This assurance, though indefinite in substance, was benevolent in tone, and our correspondent seems to have accepted it as an earnest of the Society's intention to carry on "business as usual" during the war. He was further reassured by the verbal statement of the collector that "as long as he stopped in England he would remain entitled to benefits." At that time he had no immediate prospect of service abroad, and in reliance upon the Society's good faith he continued his contributions. Meanwhile, the sudden transition from civil life seems to have affected his health, and in November last he was laid aside with a sharp attack of bronchitis. In these circumstances, he at once put in a claim to sick benefit, but in the interval the Society had apparently modified its original attitude. Disclaiming liability, they referred the applicant to the Registered Rules, a clause of which reads :—

> Should a member enter any naval or military service he shall not be entitled to any sick pay for any sickness or casualty that may occur to him during such service.

It seems highly unfortunate that in their earlier correspondence the Society should have omitted all reference to this pertinent enactment. While if, as we prefer to assume, their decision to enforce the rule was in the nature of an after-thought, they should clearly have given due notice of their intention. In any case, their present attitude assorts somewhat strangely with the philanthropic tenor of the official letter we have quoted. In the present posture of affairs, our correspondent's position is one of extreme hardship. In February last a second bronchial attack convinced the military doctors that he was medically unfit for war service, and he was accordingly discharged from the Army, his regiment being then on the point of embarkation. Meanwhile, his subscriptions to the Society had fallen into arrears, and despite their earlier promise of forbearance the management have now cancelled his membership. To his application for re-admission they reply that they cannot take risks with a man who upon medical grounds has been discharged from the Army, although of course unfitness for war service is no sound criterion of general ill-health. We warmly sympathise with our correspondent in the complete loss of his paid-up subscriptions—"just because," as he says, "I was more patriotic than the black-coated gentry at the head of the Insurance Society."

THE HUN AND THE HOTEL.

POPULAR OUTCRY RESULTS IN NEEDED CHANGE.

Our recent references to the housing of British naval officers in the "Royal Crystal Palace Hotel," run by an unnaturalised German, have now been followed by the transference to an Englishman of the licence hitherto held by Johann Paul Oswald Tillmann, locally known as "Bismarck." As we stated at the time, Herr Tillmann may be chockful of sentiments in favour of our King and country, but it was nevertheless nothing short of a scandal that naval officers should have been his guests. That scandal has now been removed, but not before threats had been received by the police that the premises would be raided. Judging from what also happened lately in connection with the Kaiser's Garter, it would appear that the authorities can only be moved when there is a popular outcry.

ASYLUM OR GAOL?

A CASE FOR THE LUNACY COMMISSIONERS.

Among insane families, the delusion of sanity is perhaps the most prevalent, and many persons detained in asylums display remarkable ingenuity in concocting plausible applications for release.

We are favoured with a good many communications of this kind, few of which call for public comment, but cases of exceptional interest occasionally emerge. The rules governing the detention of weak-minded persons, though vastly improved in recent years, are still as fallible as most human devices, and in some few instances their operation is attended by serious hardship. Quite recently we were approached by an Aberdeen resident, who submitted a voluminous correspondence relating to the detention of his sister-in-law in an L.C.C. Asylum. Our informant wrote :—

> According to the Medical Superintendent, she is quite fit to be released, but this can only be effected by the power of the person responsible for her maintenance.
>
> I have written twice to this lady, but have had no replies to any of my letters. It is evident she wants to keep her there for some reason.

Upon the question of the patient's fitness for release, an official letter from the Medical Superintendent of the Asylum is conclusive. It runs :—

> I have to state that the condition of —— —— is such that it is quite competent for the person who made the last payment for her maintenance to order her discharge.

Upon receipt of this gratifying statement, our correspondent, as he tells us, again approached the lady responsible, but without result. In these circumstances, he appears to have been willing to assume personal liability for the patient's support, but his laudable intentions were again baulked by official regulations. The Medical Superintendent wrote :—

> If you are prepared to take charge of the patient and have her with your family, it is quite possible that if you made a representation to Mrs. ——, she might be willing to exercise her power to discharge the patient.

In this dilemna our correspondent regrets that, being "only a working man," he cannot afford to engage a lawyer who might force the hands of the Lunacy authorities. Upon the facts before us, we agree that the situation demands thorough inquiry. It scarcely seems credible that the fate of the patient should legally depend upon the whim of a single person who, for reasons unexplained, declines to act upon clear medical authority. The report of the Medical Superintendent, coupled with guarantees for the patient's future maintenance, should suffice to procure her immediate release.

PRESENTATION TO MR. BOTTOMLEY.

AN INTERESTING SOUTH HACKNEY FUNCTION.

On Friday evening of last week an interesting little function took place in the Norfolk room of the Great Eastern Hotel—when Mr. Horatio Bottomley was entertained at dinner by some of his old South Hackney friends, and presented with a life-size portrait oil painting (by Mr. Rowland Holyoake) "in recognition of his services to the country at a time of great national stress." The Chairman was Mr. Henry Burton, who was supported by the Rev. A. J. Waldron (Vicar of Brixton), Mr. T. E. Young (ex-Mayor of Hackney), Mr. Herbert Grant, J.P., Mr. G. W. H. Jones, L.C.C., Councillor W. Cornish (Treasurer), Mr. Richard Taylor (Hon. Secretary), and many other leading Hackney men. During the evening several interesting speeches were delivered, and the hope was expressed that Mr. Bottomley would soon return to Parliament, whilst he was warmly congratulated upon the success of his recruiting campaign, and on the progress of his Business Government policy. Mr. Bottomley, in replying to the toast of his health, said that his hands were quite full at present and that he was content to occupy his present pulpit—the editorial chair of JOHN BULL, which was becoming more powerful every day. But perhaps, when the time came, he might be free again to take his place in the new House of Commons and do his bit in bringing about a saner system of Government.

Weekly Contests, with quick results—"Money Pictures." £100 must be won. See page 26.

STICK TO KITCHENER.

THE MAN WHO CAN'T BE BRIBED, BOUGHT, OR BULLIED.

By A. G. HALES.

(The following vigorous article will be read with interest, but we must not be taken as assenting to the suggestion that, so far as press attacks on Lord Kitchener are concerned, they have been prompted by any corrupt motive.)

If Kitchener goes, the Germans will come in. There is the situation in a phrase, and the sooner the British public realises what is going on amongst the underground engineers, the better for the nation. There is a movement on foot to crush Kitchener and relegate him to a second-class position. He, the greatest soldier of our time, the cleanest, strongest and most incorruptible man in the Empire, is to be shambled, and his reputation thrown to the wolves, if the conspirators, who have long been laying their mines, are not crushed by the British public, and if *he* goes, his whole organisation will crumble to pieces at the moment its usefulness is most required by Britain. The crippling of Kitchener means disunion and disruption amongst our forces on land. We have seen how disunion has affected our Navy. Shall we, the people, permit the same thing to happen in our Army? If we do, we throw the gates open to the Kaiser's legions. This is not a figure of speech. Months ago Mr. Horatio Bottomley permitted me in JOHN BULL to warn the country that Germany was seriously contemplating the invasion of our shores, and every day makes that danger graver, *because of the dissensions* in our Cabinet, and in our naval administration, accentuated by the traitorous blows that are being aimed at the head of our gallant Army. *The people will not permit Kitchener to be shambled.* We have seen a tumult on a small scale lately in Britain and her colonies over the German alien question. That tumult was a storm in a tea-cup compared to the human typhoon that is going to come as soon as our people fully realise the baseness of the intriguing that is going on in our midst. British traitors high up in power must be brought to book, for the crushing of Kitchener is only the means to an end. If they were brought into a civil court or before a court martial, little could be *proved* against the ringleaders; they are old in craft; they have many and willing tools, *for the spoils are great.* But millions of angry men will get at the truth when the hour comes, and get at the traitors also.

THE CAUSE OF THE CRISIS.

In plain, rugged sentences let me explain the situation to the British public. It is one of the most sordid and shameful stories in our Empire's history. Hundreds of millions of pounds are being spent upon this war by our nation; a certain clique wants to get the control of those contracts; Kitchener, whose hands are clean, stands like a lion in the path of the exploiters, and as long as he is in supreme power, the nation is going to be protected. So it is suddenly discovered that Kitchener is sixty-five years old, and also that he never knew anything about European war. Will these people tell me where in the whole of the British Empire we had a man who, prior to this struggle, had any experience of European war? It is not Kitchener's faults, but his virtues, that make him objectionable to the wolf pack. He is too clever to be hoodwinked by them, too manly and too strong to be browbeaten, too clean to be bought or bribed. This insatiable love of money is a hellish thing; it stultifies manhood, poisons the wells of truth, corrupts patriotism and degrades its worshippers to the level of the beasts. It is stronger than German arms, fiercer and more ruthless than Hun rapacity, and more dangerous than German intrigue. These men would coin gold out of the blood of our soldiers and sailors—that is why they say Kitchener must go—but Kitchener shall *not* go; the people stand behind him. He has never truckled to them, nor cheated them. This stern, strong man, who hates a newspaper man as he hates the devil, is accused of self-advertisement, accused of insulting the King because the new army was called "Kitchener's Army"—a meaner or more despicable falsehood was never spawned. Does he love advertising? If so, how does it come to pass that he has all his life refused, with very rare exceptions, to grant a journalist an interview? I speak with knowledge. Representing one of the most influential London daily papers, I tried fifty times to get an audience, and I know a hundred other journalists representing the leading papers of the world who tried and failed. That is not the method of a man who seeks advertisement. He advertised himself by the splendour of his deeds on battle-fields; he won in Egypt where every other General failed; he won in Africa, and won so nobly that the men he conquered for us are fighting grandly under our flag to-day.—That is how he advertised himself, and he is going to advertise himself once more by beating back from our shores the German enemy the traitors are inviting to come there by their action in trying to disorganise our army.

A NEW CROMWELL.

The hour is not yet, but ere long a strong man will be called by the voice of the nation to political power. Not a soldier or sailor—the soldiers and sailors have their spheres of action—but a political Cromwell who will give the nation a Government of Business men. Then Lord Kitchener will not be harried on all sides by harpies, who want to bleed the people; his hands will be free to attend to his job of getting to Berlin. Much has to be done ere then: we have to clean up a matter with a Great Power compared with which the Alabama incident is as a leaf in the forest; we have to find out how and why a great ocean liner was sunk. There are men who *know*, and Britain is going to know, and the knowledge is going to send a Cabinet Minister out of office, and possibly out of politics. This need not alarm the nation, for within three months a great people, now outside the sphere of war, will be fighting with the Allies against the world's enemy—a nation that believes in the genius, honesty and incorruptibility of Kitchener. We have differences to adjust with that splendid people before their banner waves side by side with ours on battle-fields, but the difficulties will be adjusted by our clever Foreign Minister, and when the adjustment comes the world will know that no blame is attachable to the British people for the loss of the greatest of our passengers ships. In due season these things will be made public. In the meantime we must stand close to Kitchener, shoulder to shoulder. We must back him in what he sees fit to do as our military leader, in spite of the awful crime of his sixty-five years. We must have a new Master of Army Ordnance, *if he wills it*, no matter how the money hogs who would sell their country to fill their pockets may rave or scheme. Behind the story concerning shrapnel and high explosive shells lies one of the dirtiest episodes connected with public life, but that must stand over for the present.

LORD KITCHENER

calls for

300,000 MEN.

WAR OFFICE,
WHITEHALL
S.W.

I have said that I would let the country know when more men were wanted for the war. The time has come and I now call for 300000 recruits to form new armies.

Those who are engaged on the production of war material of any kind should not leave their work. It is the men who are not performing this duty that I appeal.

Kitchener

NEW CONDITIONS OF ENLISTMENT—Age Limit now 40.

AGE	**19 to 40.**
HEIGHT	**minimum 5 feet 2 inches.**
CHEST	**minimum 33½ inches.**

Enlistment for general service for the duration of the War.

God Save the King.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To Lord Fisher, of Kilverstone, First Sea Lord.

My Lord,—In these days of rapid transition I take leave to remind you that you retain in undiminished measure the trust of the nation and the confidence of the Empire at large. On every hand it is agreed that your retirement from office before the conclusion of the war would be an irretrievable calamity—an irreparable blow to the fortunes of the Allies. Upon this point the resolve of the nation is fixed and unchangeable. That your position may henceforth be free from difficulty, and that complete victory at sea may speedily crown your efforts, is my confident and earnest hope.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, Home Office, London.

My Dear Chief Mollusc,—From the moment of Mr. Asquith's assurance that alien enemies in this country would be rounded-up and interned, I was confident you would be in no great hurry to get at the job. It is as obvious as old cheddar that you are not going to fall over yourself in the effort to make them all safe and cosy, but no doubt you will have gathered them in by the Last Trump. There is a current rumour that the difficulties you are making of getting the Germhuns in are only exceeded by the ease with which you propose to let them out; indeed, I have not the slightest doubt that when the public mind is sufficiently deluded and the public anger has again retired to bye-bye and begun another beauty sleep, most of the dear interned will be selling us Germhun sausage and cutting our hair and collecting our tips and making bread and gathering round our cash-box and sitting on our head as freely as ever. If this does not happen, I'll own I'm no prophet.

John Bull.

To Alderman G. W. Wheeler, Mayor of Wells, Somerset.

Dear Mr. Mayor,—I learn that about six months ago, when troops were first billeted in your beautiful City, you told the soldiers you honoured them for enlisting, and that the City would do all it could for them. A short time afterwards, on application being made for earlier closing of the public-houses on account of the presence of the military, you said that, as you had no complaint against them, you declined to stultify yourself by making the order, preferring to encourage those splendid fellows and objecting to put upon them a studied slight. When licensing day came round, you congratulated the publicans upon the way they had conducted their trade, for their clean sheet reflected great credit upon them as citizens. Now, Mr. Mayor, and right worshipful sir, all this is so different from the tone adopted by other mayors and other magistrates, who are more ready to condemn the publicans and the soldiers, that I am deeply interested in marking the outcome. I find that at the last monthly sitting of the magistrates' bench there were no charges, and you were presented with a pair of white gloves as an emblem of the purity of the City. And this in spite of—or because of—the fact that a thousand soldiers are billeted in your City. It is a record of which you may all be proud, military and civilians alike. And I hear that you, sir, have been a life-long abstainer. I can only wish all teetotalers would follow your most excellent example. I could then begin to love them.

John Bull.

To F. N. Charrington, Esq., Teetotal Agitator, London.

Violent Sir,—You really have behaved most shockingly, and I am quite at a loss for meet terms of reproof. Because of some fancied grievance in regard to the Government liquor scheme, you forced your way into the House of Commons, seized the Mace and flung it on to the floor, being restrained from further violence only by the forceful suasion of angry members, justly jealous of the dignity of their House. As I say, I can find no words to express my utter reprobation of your conduct. Never in my life have I beheld a more lamentable instance of the fearful ravages of ginger pop.

John Bull.

To A. S. Williams, Esq., Chief Constable of West Sussex.

Dear Sir,—On several occasions within the last two years or so, you have succeeded in projecting yourself forward into the limelight. It is not a great while since you tickled the risible faculties of the public by complaining that the average West Sussex policeman was too fat, and peremptorily ordering him to re-form himself. You also created a stir by forbidding your men to indulge in an innocent game of cards in their police station recreation room when off duty, barring them from entering any public-house, even when in plain clothes and off duty, and telling them they must all be at home by ten o'clock, like good boys, or you would know the reason why. But before your recent performance at a village called Pagham, near Chichester, all your former exhibitions of arbitrariness pale into insignificance. Learning that one of your men had entered the Bear Inn, you jumped from your car, followed him, and found him in the kitchen, engaged in the pleasant occupation of drinking a glass of beer which had been offered him by the elderly landlady's son. It was nothing to you that the constable had called at the inn in pursuance of his duty, nor that he had been cycling fifteen or sixteen miles that day, and might very reasonably be thirsty. Apparently, also, you did not take his sixteen years and seven months' unblemished service into consideration when promulgating the punishment for his trivial offence. To reduce the constable's rank and involve him in the loss of some 4s. per week pay for the remainder of his service strikes me as being a disciplinary measure of savage severity, and reflects more discredit upon yourself than on the unfortunate policeman who incurred your displeasure.

John Bull.

To the Mayoress of Exeter.

Worshipful Lady,—I like your scheme for the sensible "mothering" of our soldiers, and am by no means surprised to learn that it has attained wide popularity with the troops. At the Exeter railway stations every troop train is met by your helpers, who supply each man not only with hot tea, but with a packet containing a sandwich, a piece of cake, an orange or banana, and a packet of cigarettes. The spirit of your kindly enterprise is well expressed in your own words. "We try," you say, "to do for the mothers of our brave lads what they would wish to do themselves, showing them a last kindness before they leave England for the Great Adventure." I am glad to know that your efforts have won cordial public support, and I trust your further appeal for funds may meet with a lively response.

John Bull.

To L. Chiozza-Money, Esq., M.P.

Sir,—Your latest contribution to the discussion of war problems appears to me to be of an eminently practical kind. Anticipating an extension of the German submarine campaign, you propose that "our 21,000 merchant ships should be changed from helpless targets into vessels of war." The whole of the British mercantile marine should, in your judgment, be brought under the effective control of the Admiralty, every ship being suitably armed for defence against, and attack upon, enemy submarine craft. In the spirit of the First Sea Lord's famous dictum, I am all for "hitting everywhere" in the conduct of the naval campaign, and I trust your practical proposal may be favourably regarded by the powers that be.

John Bull.

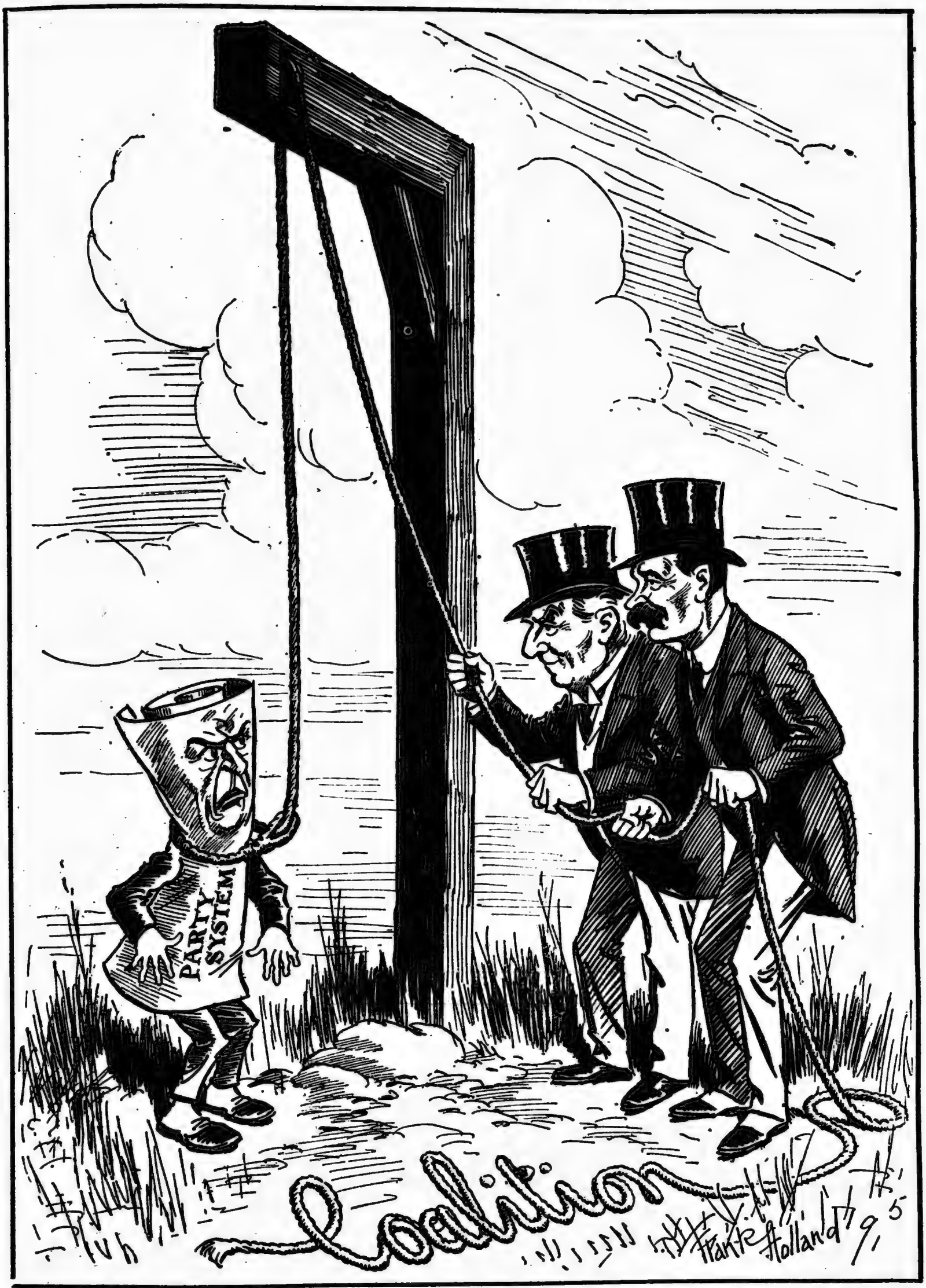
To His Worship the Mayor of Maidstone, Kent.

Your Worship,—Writing to you seems the best way of drawing attention to complaints, made by Tommies, of the system of over-charging prevalent in your town. For instance, two wounded soldiers in hospital write me to say that a few days ago they went into Maidstone to purchase a cap badge, the price they were charged being 9d., as against a penny in peace time. I cannot imagine any shopkeeper being extortionate towards the brave fellows who are offering their lives in the Empire's cause at a shilling a day. It is much they are giving and little they are taking. Surely they should be let down as lightly as possible in the traffic of the mart?

John Bull.

Send your friend a "John Bull" Pen—and get one for yourself.

MERE "SUSPENSION."



ASQUITH and BONAR LAW (*who are about to "pull together"*): "Don't be alarmed—we are only going to 'suspend' you for the duration of the war!"

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week:—

A married man, with two children, enlisted at the outbreak of war, but is now home, invalided with rheumatism. He gets no pension and is unable to do any work, so we are assisting.

National Reservist, with delicate wife and four children, is also invalided from the Colours. His certificate of discharge is marked "Very Good." As all sources of income are exhausted and the man and his family are practically destitute, we are doing what we can for them.

The sister of a soldier, killed at Neuve Chapelle, was entirely dependent upon his allotment money and separation allowance. She is left practically destitute, not being able to work, whilst, of course, she receives no pension. We have therefore made her a grant from our Fund.

Unmarried mother, with war baby, is unable to communicate with the father in order to obtain an allotment of pay. The poor girl has been very harshly treated by those from whom more sympathy would naturally have been expected, but we are doing our best to lighten her lot.

Widow, who gave both her sons to the country at the outbreak of war, finds herself in difficulties because one of them, who was making her an allotment of pay, is under detention for a technical military offence. During this period the money is withheld, although, as a matter of fact, the punishment thus falls heavier upon the mother than upon the erring son. We have therefore helped.

The only son of another widow was about to proceed to the front with a heavy heart when we came to the rescue. There was a girl "in trouble." We supplied the cash for him to get married and fixed things up as regards separation allowance, etc.—with the result that the two women are living together in comparative comfort.

Wife of a Bluejacket has had her allotment of pay stopped because he has committed some technical offence—although such a course obviously tends to impair the efficiency of the fighting man, as he is unlikely to be able to do his best when he knows that his wife and children are going short of food through his fault. We have helped to tide her over the period of punishment.

An English lad was, at the outbreak of war, in Paris, and at once joined the Foreign Legion, in which he fought until it was disbanded owing to decreasing numbers. He then came to this country, where his mother lives, and enlisted on her advice into the British Army. The lad, who was supporting her, made her an allotment of pay, but although ten weeks has elapsed the poor old lady has not received a penny piece. We have therefore come to her aid.

Widow of a soldier killed at Neuve Chapelle is left with four children, all of school age, whilst she herself is in a delicate state of health. Of course her separation allowance continues for 26 weeks, but the shock of the death of her husband has so seriously affected her that she has been obliged to employ someone to do the house work and look after the children. We are helping her to meet this expense, as, of course, the official money is quite inadequate.

This week again we have been the means of assisting many soldiers to get married by special licence.

We have, too, received many postcards from friendless prisoners of war, and in every case we have written the unfortunate man conveying to him our readers' goodwill and intimating that we are dispatching from this Fund a parcel containing food and comforts.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

N. L. B., 2s.; A. P. (Rhodesia), 10s.; E. L., 2s. 6d.; C. C., 5s.; "A Loyalist," 1s.; S. B. E., 1s.; A. N., 5s.; A. R. C., 5s.; The Coopers and Machinists of Woolwich, 6s. 9d.; W. C. (s.s. *Hat Mun*), £3; F. H., 7s. 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; H. S., 2s. 6d.; J. C., 5s.; R D. D (H.M.S. *Vernon*), 1s. 6d.; C. B., S. S., & G. W., 4s. 6d.; G. G., 7s. 6d.; S. O., 2s. 6d.; J.B. O'B. 1s. 6d.; E. S., 2s.; D. Y., 2s.; E. J., 5s.; M. E. G., 10s.; "Gaberoons" (Wisbech), 5s.; T. W. K., £2 10s.; J. S., 6d.; A. E. H., 6d.; V. B., 6d.; A. H. T., 6d.; W. H. C., 1s.; R. J. D., 4s.; Mrs. J. B. E., 2 parcels; Mrs. I. B., 1s.; "English Woman," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; A. S., 10s.; Mrs. R., 6d.; "Fag," £1; R. M., 2s. 6d.; "Ealing Reader," 6d.; H. H., 1s. 6d.; H. K., 2s. 9d.; J. McI., 6d.; J. S. W., 1s.; M. S., 1s.; S. R. B., 1s.; A. S., 6d.; R. H., 5s.; K. M. W., box of clothes; H. M., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 10s.; F. B., 10s.; "A Regular Reader," 2s. 6d.; "Navy Man's Wife," 1s.; H. F., 1s. 6d.; W. D. & A. J., 6s.; "Disputed Change" (Dalton Stn.), 6d.; Mrs. B., 1s.; M. P. H., 10s.; A. E. C., 1s.; E. M. E. (Forest Gate), 1s.; J. M. B., £2 10s.; T. H. F., 4s.; B. C., 1s.; The Crew of the s.s. *Larchwood* (per A. E. C.), £1 5s.; "Willing," 2s. 6d.; R. M. M., 5s.; F. S. C., 1s. 6d.; "Nannie," 2s.; H. S. C., 2s. 6d.; "Admirer of 'Ivy Mary,'" 6d.; E. L., 2s.; "Salisbury Plain," 2s.; W. S. (Balham), 2s. 6d.; J. B. W., 5s.; W. E. R., 1s.; W. F., 1s.; "D." (Liverpool), 5s.; M. K., 5d.; A. W. M., 1s.; W. G. C., 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 3s. 9d.; Mr. C. Carpenter, "The Britannia," 87, Commercial Street, 3s. 6d.; Mr. H. T. Cooper, "The Castle," Grosvenor Rise, E., Walthamstow, 4½d.; Mrs. Marks, "Archduke Charles," Rodney Street, Walworth, 3s. 7d.; Mrs. Lyon, "Kings Arms," Old Kent Road, 4s. 3d.; Mr. W. Blenzberg, "Prince of Wales," Lea Bridge Road, Clapton, 3s. 3½d.; Mr. P. Backer, 256, Walworth Road, 3s. 5½d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Mr. C. E. Marshall, "The Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, 9s. 5d.; Mr. H. Green, "Brownlow Arms," Betterton Street, 3s. 1d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlotte Street, 3s. 0½d.; Mr. H. A. Lloyd, "Assembly House," Kentish Town Road, 3s. 10d.; Mrs. Jezzard, "Baptist's Head," St. Johns Lane, Smithfield, 5s. 2½d.; Mr. C. H. Elliston, "Kings Arms," Moreland Street, City Road, 3s.; Mr. A. C. Trout, 3, Highgate Hill, 4s. 3d.; Mr. J. Harrison, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 2s. 7d.; Mr. C. McCarthy (Messrs. Garcia, Jacobs and Co.), Covent Garden, £2 4s. 11d.; Mr. G. T. Byast, 6, Hartfield Road, Wimbledon, 3s. 1d.; Mr. S. W. Spratt, 98, Richmond Road, Ilford, 4s. 1½d.

BURNLEY.—Mr. Hartley Dyson, 19, Rectory Road, 3s.

PENARTH.—Mr. H. E. Jones, 37, Stanwell Road, £3 12s. 6d.

YSTRAD, RHONDDA.—Mr. F. Shortman, 67, Gelligaled Road, 6s. 3d.

CARDIFF.—Mr. W. N. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Ltd., Clarence Road, 7s. 10d.

LEEDS.—Mr. B. Pullen, "North Tavern," North Street, 4s.; Mr. H. Hall, Hairdresser, Kirkgate, 2s. 8d.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMFORTS FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Machine Dept., Longbridge Wks., per L. C. C., £3 15s.; Mr. A. M., £3 7s. 6d.; F. W. K. (Montgomery), £2 10s.; Mrs. A., £2 5s.; J. W. H., £2; Engineers' Dept., E. D. and Co., per T. H. F., L. J. B., "A Lonely Birmingham Girl," £1 3s. 1d.; E. V., 25s.; R. E. H., 21s.; W. S. T., 20s. 5d.

Amounts of 20s.: A. P., W. M. M., E. J., A. J., J. C., R. T., Mr. and Mrs. S. Banfield.

Mrs. F. M. G., 15s.; Mary M., 15s.; Miss B. J., 10s. 9d.

Amounts of 10s.: Mrs. M. P. H., G. W. B., Mrs. A. T., W. D. H., M. A. L., Mrs. B., H. J. H., K. O., W. A. T.

S. D. W., 7s. 6d.; J. W., 7s.; A. C., 6s.; R. E. A., 6s.; Mrs. A. M., 6s.

Amounts of 5s.: Y. M., V R. M., M. K., G. W., Miss A. H., H. T. B., G. C., S. A., A. C. S., R. L., L. M., C. A. A., H. F., J. N., Mrs. S., F. G. H., E. H., J. W. A., Rev. A. H. U., Miss G. S. G., M. H., M. T. W., Mrs. W. T. W., W. McK., Miss B., "Anon.," E. C., A. H., H. W. B., B. W., W. T. S., D., Miss B. P.; The Staff (Infts'. Dept.) Hyndburn C. Sch.; Mrs. A. W., C., T. K., A. R., F. C., T. S., H. L., G. H., D. McL., S. S.

Will any readers who have collecting cards please return them at once!

"Money Pictures"—£100 must be won weekly. Quick Results. See page 26.

IS BALZAC A CLASSIC?

WHAT CLEMENT SHORTER SAYS.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the recent announcement of an edition of that great French author, Balzac, in its complete and unexpurgated form caused a considerable stir in certain quarters.

Fortunately, however, the publication is now an accomplished fact. For though the prurient-minded may see wrong where none is meant—and Balzac certainly did write of nature as he found it—it would have been a thousand pities if the public had been deprived of this its first chance of reading Balzac as he meant to be read.

The Napoleon of Literature.

For Balzac was to literature what Napoleon was to arms—a man of giant brain who saw all life, all character, and all events as material to be turned into stories, and who did not believe that there were any events that could not be told with advantage. And so his novels make their appeal to all.

And all those who realise this will hasten to take advantage of the offer of his Best Novels in 14 volumes, specially selected by that famous Balzacian, Mr. Clement Shorter, Editor of the *Sphere*.

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Cousine Bette.	The Lily of the Valley
Cousin Pons	The Illustrious Gaudissart.
La Duchesse de Langeais.	The Village Curé.
The House of the Cat and Racket.	The Country Doctor.
Gobseck.	The Magic Skin.
Old Goriot.	The Unknown Masterpiece.
Eugenie Grandet.	

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"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic, we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it."

What "Truth" says:—

"I can testify not only to the excellence of translation, but also to the charm of the type, binding, paper, and especially of the exquisite illustrations by famous French artists. I should mention also that they are absolutely unexpurgated, and are translated with fidelity, avoiding the coarseness which is so marked in the works of less skilful translators, although quite foreign to the spirit of Balzac himself. Considered in every light, I am unable to conceive a more satisfactory edition of the great novelist's work."

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54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, your illustrated book containing interesting information about Balzac, his life, and his work, and telling how the fourteen volumes are delivered free for a first payment of 2s., the balance being paid by a few small monthly payments.

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

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What do you know about Business?

An article of great importance to all engaged in business. Useful alike to the clerk, the salesman, the traveller, the manager or the Proprietor of any business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way:

"Why, I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub. He *ought to do*. But does he?

Let me put the same question to you.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently, and surely enough to bank on.

Yet, without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire to.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business, or calling? Do you understand the manufacture of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

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.....

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD KITCHENER.

Good-evenin', yer lordship. . . . Very good of yer to honour my 'umble erstablishment, I'm shore. . . . Jest a trim? And no talk? Very good, sir. . . . But chew won't mind me thinkin' to meself, like, will yer, Field Marshal? It's rather rough luck on a barber w'en 'e ain't allowed to talk, you know, sir. . . . 'Abit is strong, and as I've chatted with most o' the leadin' perlitical lights—for they all come to me sooner or later—it's sorter second nacher with me now. . . . Run round the nape with the clippers? Very good, sir. . . . I don't blame yer fur keepin' the 'air close, sir. . . . You want a cool 'ead fur yore job, an' no mistake. . . . I see you're arskin' fur a further three-'undred-thousand recroots, sir. . . . Think you'll get 'em? . . . You don't *think*—you *know*. . . . I see, sir. . . . Glad you're so confident. . . . I think you'll get 'em, but I don't think you'll get altogether the right sort. . . . I mean erbout age. . . . You're arskin' fur men up to 40—that'll bring in a dooce of a lot of married men, won't it, sir. . . . Better fighters, are they? Well, p'r'aps so—bein' sorter used to it. . . . You don't 'appen to be married yerself, do yer, sir? 'Scuse me arskin', but I thort that p'r'aps if you was you might let the married men down a bit lighter, and rake in the young unmarried shirkers wot are still 'anging back. . . . It seems to me a bit rough to drag a married man of 40 away from 'is 'ome, 'is bisniss, 'is missus, an' the kids, upsettin' p'r'aps the 'ole of 'is fucher, ruinin' 'im fernanshully, an' cetera, w'en there's thousands of young men with no responsibilities lettin' the older men fight for 'em. . . . Corse, I agree that there wouldn't be much of 'is bisniss, 'is missus an' 'is kids left if the swine 'uns wos to get 'ere. . . . But that ain't the point 'zackly. . . . Wot I ses is, we oughter 'ave conscripshun. . . . Call the lot of us up. . . . We're all ready ter go. . . . The country's simply arskin' for it. . . . Then the unmarried men could be picked out first fur active service, w'ile the older married chaps could keep things goin' at 'ome. . . . W'y, even the Liberal party—leastways, wot useter be called the Liberal party—is ready for it, and the best part of the Labour crowd, too! . . . I don't know w'ether it wos your own idea, yer lordship, in arskin' fur a further three-'undred-thousand volunteers. . . . I rather 'ope it wosn't. . . . I should 'ave liked to 'ave 'eard you say: "Well, I've got me noo Armies wot I arsked for. They're jest erbout ready to take the field. Now I want all the man'ood of the country wot 'asn't joined up, and wot isn't ingaged in prerducin' munishuns, to be organised so as to back up the Armies I shall 'ave in the field—so the Guv'ment 'as decided on a modified an' bisnisslike system of Conscripshun. Therefore *all* unmarried men of between nineteen an' thirty years old 'ave to report theirselves within the next seven days at their town 'all, to give full perticklers of theirselves, be medically examined, an' make a statement as to their dermestic responsibilities, if any. Those exempted will be given a exempshun badge. The others will be called up for trainin' as required. God Save the King." . . . Thet's wot I should like to 'ave 'eard you sed, sir. . . . You would 'ave found the young men es enthoosiastic as wot the I-talians are, becos they would see thet they were all goin' ter be treated alike—a fair field an' no favour. As it is, there's thousands of young chaps sayin' to theirselves, "If I'm wanted they kin come an' fetch me; but I ain't a-goin' to chuck my job for some other shirkin' blighter ter drop into, an' do me out of it w'en I come 'ome from the wore." An' you carn't blame 'em, not altergether. . . . Will you 'ave anythink on, sir? . . . A little bay rum wouldn't do it no 'arm, sir, although I know you are rather down on the licker, sir. . . . Not in strict moderation? I see, sir. . . . Then that's it, sir. . . . Much obliged, I'm shore. . . . And I 'ope yer lordship don't mind me runnin' on a bit. . . . But you kin sometimes learn sumethink from a fool, as they say. . . . Good-day, sir, an' thank you kindly. . . . One of the quietest gents I've ever talked to. . .

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

ON STRIKE.

Tram Driver (*turning to wounded soldier*): Got a match, mate?

Soldier: You're one of the tram-men who're out on strike, aren't you?

Tram Driver: Yes.

Soldier: Then I've got no match for you. You can strike work, but you won't strike my matches.

Tram Driver: Wot's the matter with yer?

Soldier: Never mind what's the matter with me. Keep your conversation to yourself. I've got no use for men like you.

Tram Driver: Think you're everybody becos you've bin out to the front, I should think. *If* you've bin out.

Soldier: Yes, I've been out—fighting for blighters like you.

Tram Driver: I never arsked yer to go, did I?

Soldier: Oh, close your face. You make me tired.

Tram Driver: Suppose you think we tram-men oughter put up with everythink. We don't. That's all about it.

Soldier: I think you all ought to be shoved in the firing line, and gassed. Do you think I joined up at a bob a day and been through hell for swabs like you? Do you know what you're doing? You're killing my comrades out at the front just as much as the Germans are, and in a dirtier way, too, to my way of thinking. You're blooming traitors and ought to be shot.

Tram Driver: 'Ow do you make that out? You're shovin' it on a bit becos you're wounded, aren't you? Else I might argue the point with yer in a style you wouldn't like.

Soldier: You would? I don't think. You wouldn't have pluck enough. You all ought to be forcibly enlisted, shoved into khaki, and made to do your work at a bob a day, or else be court-martialled for desertion.

Tram Driver: We've got our grievances, I tell yer. You 'ad your grievances in the trenches, I dare say.

Soldier: Grievances? You don't know what grievances are! But we don't strike and desert in the face of the enemy. We *stick* it!

Tram Driver: *We've* stuck it long enough.

Soldier: But the L.C.C. has told you that your grievances will be considered sympathetically if you'll go back to work. What more do you want?

Tram Driver: Our leaders 'aven't given us the word to go back yet.

Soldier: Your what?—Leaders, d'you call them? I call them loafers. You want a man like Bottomley to handle your crowd. Remember what he said ought to be done to the few loafers and skirkers on the Clyde? And all the decent, patriotic workers agreed with him. Chaps like you bring disgrace upon the working classes. What d'you think the Germans think of you? They're doing a quiet grin over it, you bet—the swine! Fact, I shouldn't be surprised if the Germans are partly running the strike.

Tram Driver: Get out! Think we shouldn't know? I tell you what, me brave young soldier, we chaps 'ave gotter look arfter ourselves. You were a mug to join up, to my way o' thinkin'. Look at chew now—broke by the wars, as they call it.

Soldier: And proud of it.

Tram Driver: Done in—finished—and wot for?

Soldier: That's it—for scallywags like you. But wait a bit. They'll have all your sort out before long. And they'll put you through it, too. Don't you make any error about that. Conscription's the only cure for your complaint.

Tram Driver: Git out! They've got to arsk the workin' classes erbout that first.

Soldier: The working classes are ready for it—that is, the patriotic ones, and they're nearly all that, bar a few blighters like you.

Tram Driver: I do wish you wosn't wounded, mate. Yore bandage sorter disarms me, like. Any'ow, you might let us 'ave a light.

Soldier: Not me! Get back to work and buy your own matches. *Gott strafe* strikers, I say, when a war is on. [Exit.]

£250 for a "Bullet," 10 Holiday prizes of £5 each, 3,000 other prizes. See page 28.

The SAFE MILK for the Sick Room

ALL milk used in the sick-room *must be* pure. With Ideal Milk purity is certain. Dairy Milk is too risky, too germy, too liable to turn sour.

"Ideal" is guaranteed pure and germ-free. It is simply the finest cows' milk, concentrated till it is as thick as cream.

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If you want the best cut of the finest salmon, take no risks. Insist upon "Sailor" Slice.

To ask for "Sailor" and accept ordinary tinned salmon instead is like asking for rump-steak and getting flank.

You can tell by the rich red colour that "Sailor" is the finest salmon; you can tell by the firm yet tender flesh, and the creamy salmon fat, that "Sailor" was caught in season; you can tell by the rare and delicate fresh flavour that "Sailor" is the salmon for you. It is cooked in *sealed* tins.

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JONES, PERCY V., 30 Honiton Road, Southend.
BRACKENBURY, A. B., 11 and 13 Queen Street, Ramsgate.
MITCHELL, A., 17 High Street, Ramsgate.
TURNER, WALTER, 16 High Street, Ramsgate.
HOLLANDS, H. T., 22 Addington Street, Ramsgate.

The number of readers who have been recompensed for losses sustained at the hands of our foes is thus raised to 79.

In order to facilitate the prompt settlement of claims, it has been decided that, in future, those who desire to avail themselves of the weekly coupon must post it to us—a halfpenny stamp will be sufficient if the envelope is left open. Upon its receipt, it will be registered, and the sender will be automatically covered against all the risks set out below for seven days from that date. Those able to obtain their copies of this journal regularly from newsagents or bookstalls should, however, make use of the order form printed at foot—it binds them in no way to continue to take the paper any longer than they wish, nor does it entail prepayment or any extra expense; in fact, there is, naturally, a saving in the matter of postage.

Whichever method be adopted, no time should be lost—as this period of the year is the most propitious for aerial operations, and our foes can be relied upon to avail themselves of every opportunity for wreaking their vengeance upon peaceful men, women and children—the more loss of life and limb and damage to property they inflict, the better will they be pleased. Every member of your family should be insured. Any extra copies will prove very acceptable to our brave soldiers and sailors at the front, on the seas, at home preparing for the fray, or in hospital.

INSURE YOURSELF NOW, UNDER OUR GREAT FREE SCHEME, AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Many of our readers are filling up coupons not only for themselves, but for their wives and families. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have endeavoured to make our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and for this reason we shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE COUPON WHICH WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE ii. OF OUR COVER, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT ORDER FORM BELOW, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days, of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign the following form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

May 29, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

May 29, 1915. .....

The Anti-German Pledge

If you cannot fight in the Field, will you take the Pledge—THE ANTI-GERMAN PLEDGE—and help us to smash the Germans commercially?

COPYRIGHT. David Allen & Son, Ltd., Harrow.

THE OBJECTS OF THE LEAGUE.

(1) To enrol a Million Members who will take the Anti-German Pledge.

(2) To amend the law relating to Alien Immigration, and the Naturalisation of Germans as British subjects.

(3) To legislate for a protective, and if necessary a prohibitive tariff on all German and Austrian-made goods.

(4) To investigate German Patents, Processes, and Monopolies, with a view to imparting knowledge and information to British traders, manufacturers, and others who desire to work the same.

(5) To render financial and other assistance, with or without interest, to British Manufacturers who will undertake the production of goods hitherto made in Germany and Austria.

(6) To assist in returning to Parliament, any Candidates, irrespective of party, who will pledge themselves to support the objects of the League, and generally to arrange a series of Lectures in all the great Towns, and cities throughout the Country, for the purpose of obtaining public support and approval.

THE PLEDGE.

I hereby sincerely and conscientiously promise (a) Not to purchase, use, or consume German, or Austrian goods of any kind whatever. (b) Not to employ a German for either domestic, or commercial purposes. (c) Not to place Contracts with any German-owned, or controlled Company, Trust, or Corporation, or to send goods by, or travel in, German Ships. (d) To boycott, and assist in the boycotting of, any trader who persists in stocking German, or Austrian goods, while British goods of equal quality and price are available. (e) To hold no intercourse socially, or commercially with Germans, and to ostracise from all respectable society every British-born woman who marries a German subject.

It is the duty of every Englishman and every Englishwoman in the Country to sign this Pledge.

Will you do your duty?

"JOHN BULL" COUPON FOR MEMBERSHIP.

To the Secretary,
THE ANTI-GERMAN LEAGUE,
25, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

Dear Sir,—

I am willing to sign the Anti-German Pledge, and shall be glad if you will send me Application Form for Membership, Certificate, and Official Badge. I enclose 1s. for the first year's subscription, together with the sum of £....., being a voluntary donation to your Funds.

Name (in full) .....

Address .....

.....

NOTE.—Any further payment beyond the yearly subscription of 1s. is quite optional and voluntary, but will be gratefully accepted. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the Anti-German League, and crossed "London County & Westminster Bank."

To make it a popular movement within the reach of all, the purely nominal subscription for membership has been fixed at 1s. per annum, the object being universal interest, rather than a smaller number of rich subscribers, but we believe that there are many people in sympathy with the objects of the League who will subscribe substantially far beyond the actual membership fee, in which case our income will be materially augmented, and our scope of operations considerably enlarged.

The New Battle Cry: "Everything German Taboo."

A Million Members Wanted! ENROL AT ONCE!

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

F. L. C. (St. J. Wood).—No doubt we did something to hasten the King's decision about those cursed banners in his Majesty's chapel at Windsor. They constituted a gross affront to national sentiment.

F. T. (East Knoyle).—We must trust the men at the head of the Navy.

W. L. (Lee).—We have duly noted that the Kaiser is patronising an attempt to set London ablaze next month. If the threat is honoured, some Germhun Zepps. and aeros. will also go to blazes.

"A BRITISH SOLDIER"—ALLEGED—(Newcastle) says that if ever he meets us on the battlefield, he will shoot us, as he knows we are "traitors to Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George." But we are not. We like all three of them.

"MARGARET" (Prestwich) thinks our suggestions about the "love child" are, in the circumstances, the best possible, though she says there can be no love in unbridled passion.

REV. J. S. (N. Finchley).—Support appreciated. You say: "Nor would I let the sloppy sentimentalists escape. These people—pro-everybody but their own countrymen—are every whit as dangerous as German spies and far more guilty." Them's our sentiments. There are signs that our word *is* having some weight.

"A LAMB" (St. Leonards).—"My only wish is that I shall get to the Front in time . . . to rasp that old blackguard's horns down." That's the spirit!

A. N. (Shortlands) writes: "I dislike writing to papers." We wish you had not overcome your dislike. To endeavour to defend the German devils is despicable and traitorous. Think of our murdered women and children, and repent of your sloppy sentiments.

S. W. O. (Holloway, N.) tells us our article, "The Seed of the Soldier," which appeared in a recent issue, "has gained the contempt and indignation of most people on all sides," and sends us a lengthy reply to it, in the course of which he says: "Surely you could have set forth a scheme for the protection of illegitimate children without stooping to commend a ghastly and hideous sin." Ghastly and hideous sin! Ye gods, what cold-blooded fish these puritans are!

J. A. P. (Guildford).—We note that owing to the war there will be no Old Cheltonian Dinner nor Annual Meeting this year. That is a sensible decision, since there are more than 2,250 Old Cheltonians now serving with the Colours. The College should be proud of her two V.C.s—Capt. D. Reynolds, R.F.A., and Lieut. P. Neame, R.E.

"NEOLOGUISTA" (Gray's Inn).—"Peacefakers" is good. Thanks for the suggestion.

M. T. (Darlington).—Recent developments lead us to believe that the war will be of longer duration than we at first anticipated. There are risks attending motor-transport, as there are all branches of Army work in the field. But you must be brave, and not sit grizzling at home, while your husband is "doing his bit."

W. H. (Teignmouth).—In our opinion the relation of the drink question to war munitions has been wildly exaggerated in the interests of the ferociously teetotal.

H. A. J. (of no address) says he read our paper "first with astonishment, then with interest, then with admiration." Exactly as we read it ourselves.

A. K. (Aberdeen), an admirer of JOHN BULL, asks: "How many do you please and how many do you roast?" Could not count them.

"CONSTANT READER" (Southend-on-Sea).—The whole country is suffering delay in delivery of letters, and many other irregularities in the postal service. The P.M.G. is probably doing his best, but a Business P.M.G.'s worst would be better than Hobhouse's best.

E. F. T. (Sheffield).—Don't send us any more verses in praise of Germans. What depravity in a child of 14! Hold out your hand, naughty boy.

N. J. (Stockwell, S.W.).—Is it *necessary* to ask if you can count on our support in working for a lasting and honourable peace? What on earth else are we working for?

A. G. C. (Grantham) tells us that there is a notice in a local hotel which states "Privates and N.C.Os are not served at this bar." We were hoping that the war would wipe out that sort of snobbery. Privates and Commissioned Officers sit and drink together in French cafés. Why should not the same democratic spirit prevail in our own Army?

J. A. (Glasgow) says he has never seen us, but from our writings has "conjured up the picture of a jovial yet sharp-featured prototype of a Plebeian Tribune." Then he had better try another conjure. What was he doing when we visited Glasgow?

THE VICAR OF A YORKSHIRE PARISH expresses our own opinion when he says: "It is foolish people like the Bishop of Lincoln, who cried 'peace, peace,' when 'there was no peace,' that our brave soldiers have to thank for having had to fight Germans five or six to one." They ought to be placed in the van—the removal van.

MISS G. L. (Dulwich) appreciates our efforts so much that she writes: "I think you do the world a good turn. You do try to make it smile even in war time." Our dear Grace, what's the good of pulling a face like a fiddle, even though we are fighting for our existence?

J. H. W. (At the Front).—Thanks for appreciative card. Our interest in the "boys" waxes as vigorously as ever. Good luck to all of you!

J. AND P.—Our dear children, you are far too young—16 and 17, you say—to judge of the nature of things, or you would not write: "We are quite sure that a British girl is a match for a bally Germhun any day." Tut-tut! You may be bubbling over with British pluck and daring, but we would fear for your safety were you to encounter a beery, bloated, blood-stained Hun.

H. E. (Millom).—Glad to hear that your brother, who has been out at the Front since August, so much appreciates this journal, and that it is in such great demand among the boys that, if he doesn't hide it until he has read it, he stands a good chance of losing it. Good luck to him!

R. B. (Glasgow) asks us whether it would not be more up-to-date for our soldiers to use large aluminium shields and revolvers and charge the enemy with these. Bullet-proof khaki and carving knives would be better.

"MARTIN" (New York).—Another raging Germhun author more or less does not matter. Most of 'em are mad just now.

"ELLER" (Liverpool).—When did we predict the war would end "in the Spring"?

A. A. A. (Acton Hill).—The appeals of the Army Council have no effect upon certain unpatriotic firms, and we frequently see advertisements for men of military age. These people would probably be the first to shriek for protection were the Huns successful in landing a force on our shores.

"ENQUIRER" (Aldershot).—Deserters who availed themselves of the "free pardon" offered in August last, forfeit all previous service, and, of course, will have to pay for any deficiency of kit. The War Office, however, inform us that the forfeited service may subsequently be restored if the man remains three years clear of a regimental entry, or has been promoted to the rank of sergeant.

"DOUBTFUL" (Barnsley) says he will not be 19 until February next, but wishes to join the Army, and asks if he would be wrong in passing himself off as older than he really is. All we can say is that we know of patriotic fellows doing this kind of thing. All is right, so long as the *eleventh* Commandment is not broken.

"A FRIEND."—There is no reason whatever why your friends should not "walk out" with "two very nice soldier boys." What nicer than the nice?

A. B. C. (Cardiff).—If his father is naturalised, he may serve in the British Army.

McW. (Aberdeen) wishes to know what we should do with the Kaiser and his associate fiends if we got hold of them. Hang the lot.

Your women-folk will be delighted with "Everywoman's Weekly." Take home a copy to-day.

H. B. (Leeds).—"Dear Sir,—Do you know why our aeroplanes and seaplanes should not destroy Krupps and every place in Germhuny where munitions, Zepps., and subs. are made?" 1. Because we have not enough aircraft. 2. Because the Germhuns are looking.

W. K. (Greenwich) complains that Holland has sold all her onions to Germhuny. The news brings tears to our eyes.

"MAY" (Cardiff).—Have had much pleasure in forwarding to our Widnes correspondent the postal order for 2s. 6d. you have been good enough to send to purchase eatables for her brother, imprisoned in Germany. Your anxiety "to do something for the men who have done their utmost for us" does you credit.

"TELL TALES" (Fratton?).—What you say about work at Woolwich Dockyard may be true, but your anonymity does not impress it on us.

M. M. (Gillingham).—Glad what we said about Prince and Princess Mike pleased you and the other Jezreelites. Evidently it does not take much to please you.

E. D. D. (Lydd) says, *re* D.C. medal, that the reward is a gratuity of £20 or additional pension of 6d. a day.

E. P. (H.M.S. ——) is a "Sick Bay" steward, a volunteer, and complains that the naval authorities will not supply him with a shore-going uniform in accord with his rating. Will the Admiralty please note?

"CORPORAL" (Expeditionary Force) asks what odds we are giving of the War finishing this side of Christmas. Two bananas to a blood orange.

"SCOTLAND" (Glasgow) hopes we may never die. We are not so hopeful.

"BOYS IN KHAKI" (Supply Column).—All we know about Tickler, M.P., is that his politics belong to Grimsby and his jam goes to the Front. May you also be preserved.

V. G. B. (Forest Hill) rejoices that, like Horatio of old, we are "keeping the bridge."

"EX-SOLDIER" (West Ham).—"K. Rs. para. 302 iii (c)," being interpreted, means "King's Regulations, paragraph 302, section 3, clause c."

"KATE FRASER."—Sorry, but the adoption of children is not at all in our line. If you were to communicate with the Editress of *Everywoman's Weekly*, she might be able to do something for your friend. Please send your full name and address and the P.O. will be returned.

A. G. (S. Lambeth).—"I hail 'J.B.'s' advice needful at this the Empires', Hunnish cricis, Every to stretch himself untill he tries, Then rally my boys and join, the Germhun devil desires, Our Empire's fall, Help to quell our enemies. Don't retire." The most painful example of D.T.s we have ever read.

"ENTERPRISE" (Ipswich).—At present we haven't time to worry any more about the British Israel blathermaskites.

J. B. (New Aberdour).—Exorbitant charges on postal parcels to the B.E.F, in Flanders, etc., is a crying evil at which we have hammered continually, but nothing appears to arouse Mr. Hobhouse to recognise the glaring injustice to the men who are keeping the enemy from our gates.

A. C. W. (Uxbridge).—The Helping-Hand Stores, of Manchester, being now in liquidation, we fear you will get nothing out of the concern. Pity you didn't consult us before parting with your guinea.

C. M. R. (Hucknall).—The advertisement of the County Medical Officer, Nottingham, for a male clerk, with knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, salary £1 p. week, is not exceptional. What *does* surprise us is that a knowledge of two or three languages, and expert accountancy, etc., is not required also. Local bodies are the worst sweaters in existence.

L.-CPL. A. G. (In the Trenches) sends us some verses beginning, "Keep your head well down, matey, Keep your head well down," but we could not keep ours down long enough to read the rest.

MRS. E. (Ashford, Mx.).—We have slated the firm of Riley and Co., Bank Parade, Burnley, many a time and oft. Write to the Chief Constable of Burnley about your 3s. postal order, of which you have kept the counterfoil, but of which Riley will not acknowledge receipt.

MRS. JOHANNA LLUB (Aberdeen) writes: "If, as you say, 'Mr. Kensit is, of course, an evangelical fanatic,' what is Mr. Ho-rat-io Bottomley? Echo answers—'A spiteful crank, effete prophet, and blatant mug.'" There must be something wrong with that echo.

"A SOLDIER AND A MAN" (Chatham).—We endorse your disapproval of Mrs. Grundy's views as regards the treatment of soldiers. To tell the truth, Mrs. Grundy is—well, the less said the sooner mended, perhaps.

DRIVER A. O., R.F.A., we are advised, should apply to *Boxing*, Kingsway, W.C., or to the *Daily Express*, for the boxing gloves he requires.

M. H. R. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—The firm should not, in our opinion, send out its circular letter touting for a year's subscription to its publication in an envelope across which is boldly printed "SECOND NOTICE." It might be mistaken for "the rates," and give rise to a nervous breakdown.

"FLORELLE" (Shoreditch).—"So stay with us as long as you can JOHN BULL, Stay with us long as you can." That is our intention.

T. J. (Sleaford), referring to our recent paragraph regarding the business methods of M. and G. Clyde, of 73, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, tells us he also sent them cash with order for a noiseless pistol, but received no reply. He placed the matter in the hands of the police, when his money was promptly refunded. Readers who have been silently waiting for noiseless pistols would do well to adopt similar measures.

J. J. I. (Upper Holloway, N.) describes the rebuffs he received when seeking apartments for himself, wife, and child. The fact that he lost a leg at Messines when fighting for us seems to shut doors against him instead of throwing them open wide. And this whilst the war is on! What will it be after?

L. L. (Hornchurch) refers us to the last page of an illustrated contemporary of March 10th, upon which is a picture of a submarine being raised for examination. In the description of the operation the reader's attention is directed to a "fox terrier running calmly about the hull." It must have been running so fast as to be invisible.

"CIVIS BRITANNICUS SUM" (Fulham), bursting with anger, exclaims: "Whose country is this? Does it belong in part to the riff-raff of Germany, brothel-keepers, and receivers?" No, no! A thousand times no! It belongs to a trustful, big-hearted, open-handed, foolish nation, who have shut their eyes for years to the German menace, and have now to pay the cost to the full in blood and treasure.

"KING'S ARMS" (Glo'ster).—Mr. A. Lionel Lane's advertisement in the *Glo'ster Citizen* for "the Man who saw a young Couple in Heywood, Cinderford, on June 20th, 1914, at about 9.30 p.m., and warned them as to their conduct," smells of romance. More especially in view of the date and the heading, "In the Interests of Justice."

T. H. (London, S.E.).—We cannot see the utility of the United Dental Service, Ltd., of 12, Tavistock Square, London, W.C., whose talk of "A National Dental Service," and of "a panel" consisting of "*Practitioners of skill and standing*" having been formed "for the benefit of all persons of limited mean or whose incomes do not exceed £160 per annum," strikes us as clap-trap.

"KILTIE" (Dundonachie).—You must suffer from the Scotsman's proverbial lack of humour if you took seriously our reference (in our "Candid Communication" addressed to the Editor of the *Monthly Record of the Free Church of Scotland*) to your national dress as the "deplorable" kilt. We merely used the expression to emphasise the fact that the gentleman referred to, whilst straining at knats, was swallowing a biggish camel.

M. J. (Edinburgh).—You had better ascertain from the Steamship Company whether your brother contributed to any fund entitling him to compensation, in case of accident, or to his legal representatives in the event of his death, while following his customary occupation.

"JOCKEY" (Allahabad).—Your boy seems cut out for a jock; but how are you going to get him over here?

A. J. H. (Crediton) AND OTHERS.—We have made inquiries, and find that the H. Diamond you mention, now carrying on business at 39, Kew Road, Richmond, is in no way connected with H. Diamond, late of Lucerne, who has, for the present, suspended business.

"WIDOW" (Bont.).—In reply to your inquiry, the London City and Midland is one of the largest and strongest banks in the world, and the shares are quite safe to hold. There is a liability of £10 per share, but the chances of its being called up are very remote.

MR. J. ROSTON and MR. J. F. SCOTT write us in regard to their changes of name from Rosenblum and Schultz, respectively, included in our list published last week. The former was born in Russia, and naturalised on March 29th, 1909; whereas Mr. Scott first saw the light in the United States, but has lived in this country practically all his life. It, of course, was not our intention to suggest that all the persons included in the list were of enemy birth or nationality—it being merely a compilation from official records. However, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, we think it but fair to publish this paragraph.

MR. SID MASON, of Hainault Road, Leytonstone, has explained the omission of a postage stamp from the communication addressed by him to "WRACK" (Leicester), who recently complained to us, and informs us that he has forwarded the postage. Good lad.

(*A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.*)

Insure yourself *now*—it costs you nothing. **For Free Coupon and full particulars, see page 20.**

BOXERS AND BOXING.

BY EUGENE CORRI.

The precise whereabouts of Georges Carpentier I do not profess to know. But I guess that wherever he is, he is all intent upon his job, which has to do with flying: the same finely-chiselled, boyish-looking, softly-spoken, gentle boy, who, had it not been for this horrible, hellish war, would have remained one of the most talked of and engaging personalities in the whole world of sport, pampered and petted by his countrymen and cheered by people here as he was when, last August, after being entertained by JOHN BULL, he hurried away to plunge in the greatest fight of all time.

I have to confess that I am old in the service of boxing—how old I pray you don't ask me. I have seen most champions that count—the thundering John L. Sullivan, the remarkable FitzSimmons, the bear-like Jeffries, debonnair Jem Corbett, the swaggering Johnson, the incomparable Jim Driscoll—*all* of them, I might say with a little exaggeration. But not one of them has interested me in the same way as Carpentier; none has so fascinated me, none has so perplexed me as the young Frenchman, who I learn, though the war has cost him thousands of pounds, is brimful of cheeriness and optimism and all the virtues that go to make a real man.

I am mindful of the danger—a common one, I would add—of overestimating the boxing qualities of Carpentier; it is a danger that comes from the quiet of the fellow, his earnestness, and naturalness. But that he touches greatness cannot be denied, neither can it be questioned that he has done more than any other boxer of recent times to bring about a better understanding and keener appreciation of boxing: he has done much to give the sport its right and proper place in the scheme of things which we call life. This because, very much in the same way as he learned to box and fight as few could do, he has given to the game an atmosphere which until comparatively recent times it did not enjoy: he has given to boxing his personality. He has always been Carpentier, abundantly confident, grimly determined, and a man who took to the ring as you and I would take to an everyday business.

It used to be said that a Frenchman could never be a great boxer because of being too volatile, too explosive. Carpentier has completely killed such a notion, proving in the ring a man of phlegm, tremendously matter-of-fact, a man with a clear-cut plan of campaign, who, without any apparent effort, so applied the curb to his feelings that he suggested he could not be ruffled.

When he first met the ex-Bombardier Wells at Ghent and, as you know, won in a most dramatic way, he was glad to take himself to his café near to the post office. There I found him, with one of his eyes slightly blackened, sipping tea and eating cake. Outside his room was a queue of expensively dressed ladies, most of them young and captivating, waiting to offer him bouquets of flowers. And when I told Carpentier that he was likely to be carried off, he just smiled, went on sipping tea and waited patiently until he found an opportunity to run away.

The next time I saw him he was in training at Manitot for his second fight with Wells. How he worked; how he trained! It did not matter that he had knocked the Englishman out at Ghent, he worked like a steam engine, and with a method that was almost uncanny. He felt he had found a sure way to defeat Wells—that was to make a target of his body. And for hours on end did he punch away at a tightly stuffed bag. Now and then he would look round, and in a queer, amusing way would say in his best English—"Your Bombardier—see?" And he would again go on punching, perfecting his in-fighting and seeing only in the bag the body of Wells.

If spared through this war, Carpentier will, according to arrangement, make his way to London to meet Young Ahearn, whom JOHN BULL with characteristic shrewdness has selected as the Englishman best qualified to meet him. I was once asked why I thought Carpentier was a great fellow. My reply was, "He is a Frenchman made of ice." And I would say this again.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE BLACK SQUAD.

Here they come, lumbering up,
Staggering up the rail,
Showing up only just in time
If the boat is ever to sail;
Men of the Black Squad, rowdy men,
Lost and forsaken souls,
They are the devils who work below,
Shovelling in the coals.

Like as not, the most of them
Are one-and-a-half seas over,
Thirst knows no climatic change
From 'Frisco back to Dover;
Jim here walks, when he comes aboard,
Like a skater cutting a figure—
Wait till he grips his shovel of steel,
Slogging away like a nigger.

Down below in the ship's big bowels,
Never a shirt to his back,
Feeding a furnace ever red
From a bunker ever black;
Lips all cracked and inflamed eyes skinned,
Like one of a race accurst,
Sweating and drying all in the heat—
Who wouldn't breed a thirst?

Down in the dark, never a breeze,
Never a breath of air,
Only coal-dust clogging the throat
Till it doesn't leave room to swear;
Heat like Hades must be fed
By forms like damnéd souls,
Wonderful if they drink and drown
The fire, the drought, and the coals!

There they are, down in the depths,
Banished away out o' sight,
Never a chance to get one in
If ever it comes to a fight;
Shovelling coal while heroes earn
A deathless diadem,
But duty done in clinkers and coke
Don't spell medals for them.

Mine or torpedo strikes the ship,
There's a chance for those on deck;
The Black Squad fall when the furnace splits,
An inferno within the wreck!
Or caught 'twixt swirling, scalding steam
And jammed doors, it may hap,
They fight with dread death in the dark,
Like rats caught in the trap.

One of the Squad, his name unknown,
His history a blank,
Until that sunny afternoon
When the *Lusitania* sank—
Might have escaped, a swimmer strong,
With ease he kept afloat;
He snatched a babe from the greedy wave,
And tucked it in his coat.

And then a woman clung to him,
Frantic in her alarm,
The whirlpool sought to draw her down,
He held her in his arm;
A second woman did he seize,
To wrest her from the wave—
Could he not save those lonely lives,
He scorned his own to save.

They found him dead; still in his arms,
That gripped them like a vice,
His threefold burden lay—the man
A willing sacrifice.
I know not what his life had been,
But, knowing how he died,
I know, when he sought Heaven's gates,
God flung them open wide!

RICARDO.

The "John Bull" pen coupon is on page 2 of cover.

"I should just think I do like

Bird's Custard.

—Why! I simply love it."

BIRD'S is the only Custard which wise mothers should choose for their children, because it alone contains a rich store of body-building nutriment, and is *so* pure that it never disagrees.

Watch the children enjoy BIRD'S Custard and thrive upon it.

Among the grown-ups, BIRD'S Custard is also first favorite. Its clean fresh taste and velvet creaminess add a delightful relish to all stewed fruits and puddings.

Sold in Pkts. 2 for 1½d. Boxes, 4d. & 7½d., and large Tins.

You can have a clean, quick and easy shave in the mornings if you use a

"PERMEDGE" RAZOR.

The Selfridge "Permedge" Razor, made from finest Sheffield steel – scientifically and fully hollow-ground. In three sizes, ⅞in., ⅞in. and 1in. for light, medium and heavy beards .. **3/-**

Guaranteed to shave for 12 months. If in any way unsatisfactory, the Razor will be exchanged or money refunded.

SELFRIDGE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W. 'Phone: "Gerrard One."

Write for Booklet and Price List.

3/3 NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING Co.

HAMPSTEAD Rd LONDON, N.W.

LONDON'S LEADING VALETRY BUSINESS.

Your shabby and worn suit, overcoat, or costume is not "done"—3/3 is the preventative. For this sum we make it like new. It will be cleaned, repaired, and "Tailor-pressed." Grease marks removed. Torn parts mended. Missing buttons replaced. Expert eyes investigate EVERY part. Expert hands remedy. We do all we say, or return money if not satisfied. Collection and delivery free within 12 miles of Charing Cross. To residents beyond, carriage paid one way. Have your garments made new NOW! Write p.c. or 'phone NORTH 280.

IS THE PREVENTATIVE

Straight from the Cow

Untouched by hand, unadulterated by preservatives, MILKMAID CREAM comes to you as pure as when just taken from the new milk—the richest and purest cream it is possible to obtain.

Easily digested and free from every impurity, MILKMAID CREAM is better and *far safer* than dairy cream for children and those ordered a cream diet.

Milkmaid Cream

can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

Delicious with stewed, fresh or bottled fruits, with porridge or other cereal, and excellent for all kinds of sweets and made creams.

Sold in 5d., 6½d., and 10½d. key-opening tins by all Grocers and Stores. *Write for Free Booklet, containing upwards of 70 recipes.*

"Milkmaid Brand," D.P. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

JOHN BULL'S "MONEY PICTURES."

WEEKLY PICTURE CONTEST No. 1.

£100 Must be won EVERY WEEK!

ONLY 12 PICTURES. QUICK RESULTS.

We are commencing this week JOHN BULL'S "Money Pictures"—each week's contest complete in itself. £100 must be won weekly. All you have to do is to solve the 12 pictures given on this page, which represent railway stations in the British Isles.

The names are selected from a special index reprinted for us by the proprietors of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide." This index can be obtained, post free 8d., from "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," Surrey St., Strand, London, W.C., or through any newsagent or railway bookstall.

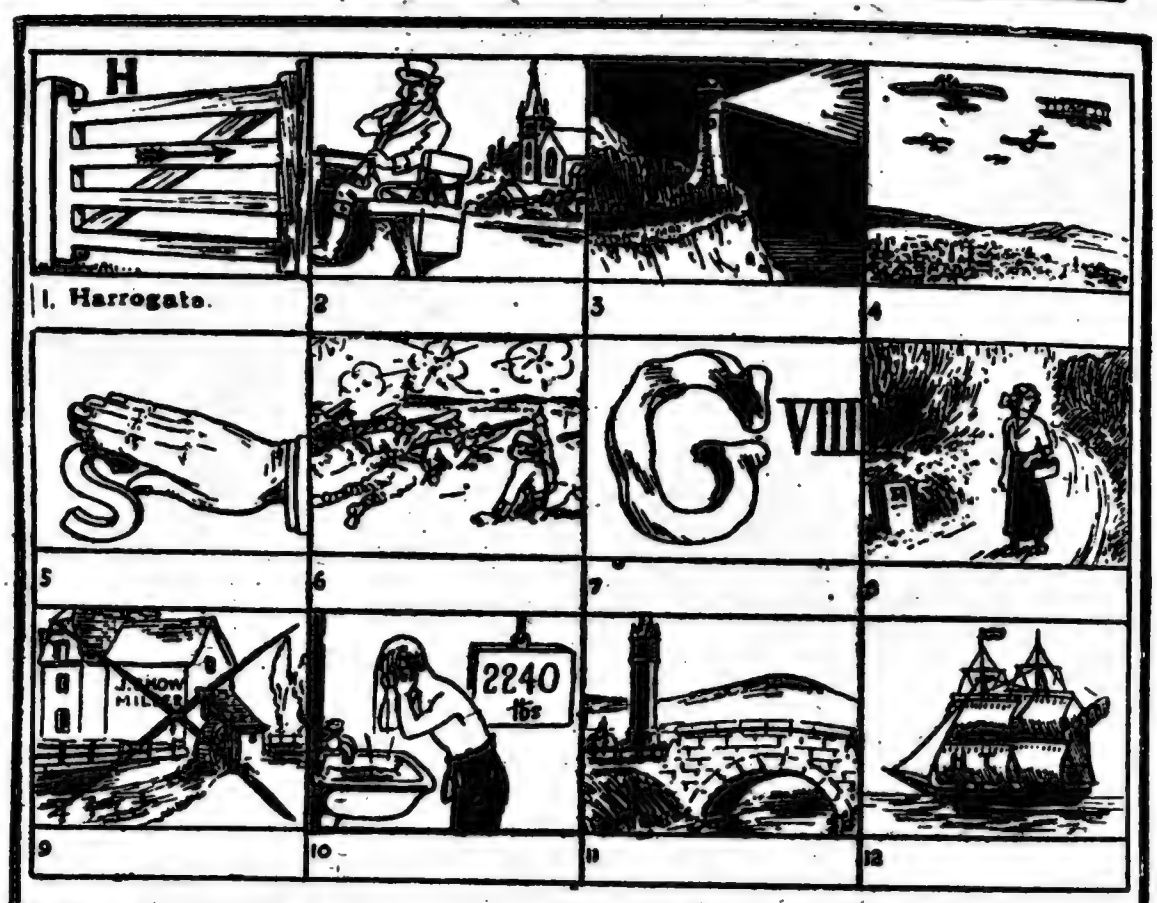
By way of example, take picture No. 1, which means Harrogate. This shows you clearly what you have to do. Write *in ink* in the spaces provided the name of the station you think each picture represents. *If you cannot solve all the pictures, fill in as many as you can.* You may send in as many sets as you like.

To the sender of the most correct solutions—whatever the number—we shall award the cash prize of £100. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The editor's decision must be accepted as final, and legally binding, and readers can enter only on that understanding.

Address entries to JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark the envelope "Money Pictures No. 1," in top left-hand corner. **Entries must reach us not later than Thursday, June 3rd.**

IMPORTANT.

Each set of solutions must have pinned in the space provided one penny postage stamp or a Free Stamp Voucher, which will be found in "Everywoman's Weekly." Sets received without either will be disqualified. Pin the stamp on—do not stick it down.



PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from "Everywoman's Weekly" **HERE.**

I submit the above solutions and agree to abide by the Editor's decision and award.

Name.....

Address.....

No. 1. .....

THE RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 12.

After you have solved these pictures turn to page 28, where you will find particulars of "Bullets"—an exceptionally attractive Competition. 3,000 prizes are to be won every week, including a first prize of £250, and 20 special Holiday prizes of £5 each.

PRINTERS' PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—
"She sat CLUTCHING the head of the couch, with her HANDS STRAIGHT DOWN AT HER SIDES, as her husband came in."

"GLASGOW HERALD" (advertisement):—
"Lady (young) HUSBAND abroad, wishes to meet ANOTHER, with view companionship, etc."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS" (advertisement):—
"Clerk and TREASURE wanted for Strathdon School Board; to take up duties immediately."

"TODMORDEN ADVERTISER":—
"The directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank, Ltd., have declared an interim dividend for the past half-year at the rate of seventeen shillings per share subject to deduction of MORNING DELIVERY ONLY OF LETTERS AND PARCELS."

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

In view of the extraordinary decision of the Jockey Club—a decision which I feel certain will have to be very considerably modified—it is useless indulging in much racing talk this week, although next week I hope to be in a position to congratulate my readers upon a better state of affairs than that existing to-day. One thing is certain; public opinion will insist upon a Derby being run—if not at Epsom, then at Newmarket. The matter is being editorially treated in another column.

Having regard to the existing uncertainty, I am requested to state that the Derby Competition, particulars of which have already appeared, is held over for the moment, although I hope that by next week a date for the great classic event will have been fixed, when, of course, everything connected with it will resume its normal course.

MAPPIN AND WEBB, Ltd.

At the sixth annual general meeting of Mappin and Webb, Ltd., the chairman (Mr. W. J. Mappin) was able to congratulate the shareholders upon a satisfactory year's trading, having regard to the exceptional conditions which had prevailed since the outbreak of war. Not a single employee had been discharged, whilst 250 of the staff eligible for military service had responded to the country's call. In all these cases dependents were being assisted by the Company. The Board, too, were meeting in every way in their power the requirements of Government work. The Directors recommended a dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, after careful consideration having decided to draw to a slight extent on the amount brought forward from the previous year. The branches of the business in Argentine and Brazil had, after being seriously affected in August and September, lately shown considerable improvement; whilst even now the Italian branch was doing a fair trade. The four other Continental depots were all open, although business was naturally hampered.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Reduced Facsimile of Tin.

Makes Bright Homes

Try a 1/- tin on some Article of Furniture. You will be delighted.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL covers more surface, is more durable, and cheaper in use than any other.

SEND FOR COLOUR-CARD TO
ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

GRAVES
FOR EVERYTHING on EASY TERMS of Sheffield
Write for Suit, Costume, or Raincoat Patterns, or Catalogue of Cycles, Gramophones and Records, Furniture, Sheffield Cutlery, Boots and Shoes, Watches & Jewellery, Sewing Machines, Linoleums, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

NOW IS THE TIME TO LEARN MOTORING.
Increasing demand for Motor Drivers at the front and at home for Commercial, Public and Private Service. POPULAR COURSE within reach of all. Training unlimited without extra charge until satisfied. No charge for Licensed Employment Agency and B.S.M. Official Certificate.
Officially investigated and approved by JOHN BULL.
Call or send postcard for illustrated prospectus (J.B.).
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.,
5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

PILES CURED BY TAKING PYLITNA POWDERS.

Hæmorrhoids or Piles are occasioned by the disordered functions of the system; the application of external remedies may alleviate but cannot remove the cause, and patients are often told that a surgical operation is the only cure.

A Doctor writes: "'Pylitna' *Powders are the best remedy I have hitherto seen; they have cured very bad and chronic cases.*"

A Chemist says:—"*I suffered from Piles for 15 years in an acute form, and was cured by* 'Pylitna' *Powders.*" *A Gentleman who was advised by two Doctors and a Specialist to have an operation was cured by* "Pylitna" *Powders.*

These powders are taken in a little warm milk or water and are quite harmless. Of all Chemists at 2/9, or from the Proprietors,
"PYLITNA," 3, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.

ECONOMY. Three or four tins of Cerebos Salt are sufficient to season at table all the meals of an average family for a whole year.

Cerebos Salt
Purity and Perfection.

BUSINESS MEN are very hard on their clothes.

Seats of trousers grow shiny—knees baggy—sleeves wrinkled. A suit soon loses freshness.

TRY ONE SUIT FOR 3s. 9d.

By our original and exclusive methods, perfected by us alone in the longest experience, we not only cleanse and re-shape the clothes, but revive the newness of the cloth itself. *This is what you pay the extra 6d. for*; 3s. 9d. includes this special revival; also *Repairs* (a speciality). Money Back if not satisfied.

Note our correct address
BRITISH
31 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

We collect and deliver FREE 10 miles from Charing Cross. Beyond, rail or post clothes to us. We pay carriage one way.
Telephone: North 2882 or 2883.
Write for Prospectus & our Monthly Journal, "Valery," edited by Edgar Frank, free.

Blood Diseases Cured by "DOMIGO."

This wonderful specific surely cleanses the blood of all disease, no matter if acquired or inherited. It has never been known to fail, even in bad cases of long standing marvellous results have been obtained. The patient steadily regains health and strength. **Domigo is guaranteed harmless and free from poisonous ingredients.** Domigo is simply invaluable for all Blood Diseases, including Eczema, Ulcers, Boils, Rheumatism, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, and Sores of any kind. A booklet containing full particulars and testimonials of numerous cures achieved by Domigo will be sent FREE on application to DOMIGO CO., Dept. J.B., 168, Aldersgate Street, London; and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. *Also manufacturers of DOMIGO Food, DOMIGO Skin Soap, DOMIGO Pile Pills, DOMIGO Ointments, etc.*

A HAPPY BALD-HEADED MAN.

Well-known Politician Nearly Bald Now Has New Growth of Hair.

Tells How He Did It.

A certain politician, well known on account of his baldness and ready wit, surprised his friends by appearing with a new growth of hair. Many of his old friends did not know him and others thought he had a wig. On being asked how he did it, he made the following statement:—"I attribute the remarkable growth of my hair to the use of the following simple recipe which any lady or gentleman can mix at home: To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the scalp two or three times a week with the finger tips. It not only promotes the growth of the hair but removes dandruff, scalp humours, and prevents the hair from falling out. It darkens streaked, faded, grey hair and makes the hair soft and glossy. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost and mixed at home."

B.D.V. THE SILK PICTURE CIGARETTE 3D.

"BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZES!

GREAT INCREASE IN CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK!

£250!

FIRST PRIZE

2nd PRIZE

£25

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH

20 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2 10s.	25 PRIZES OF £1	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	AND 2,000 other handsome PRIZES

OVER 3,000 PRIZES THIS WEEK!

Closing date, Thursday, June 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(139) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed_____

Address_____

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than four words or less than two may be used to construct a Bullet.
This Week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly," dated May 29th.

Closing date, Thursday, June 3rd.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(139) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed_____

Address_____

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 139" "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.
Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 19th.

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples:

ITALY'S TASK
THE NEW ALLIANCE
TRUSTING KITCHENER
CHANGING THE CABINET
BASE ATTACK
TAKING THE PLUNGE
SOON SPREADS
A BORN SOLDIER
WHAT NEXT?
SINEWS OF WAR
NASTY KNOCK
THE GERMAN PUBLIC
LADY'S COMPANION
COLLECTING THE MUGS
A WEAK SOLUTION
EASILY BROKEN
SPEAKING HER MIND
A CAPITAL NOTION
RAISING THE RENT
A GOOD THING
FAIR PLAY
A LONG PULL
FORCING A SMILE
UTTERLY UNBEARABLE
A PRETTY FIGURE
TENDER AND TRUE
TAKEN UNAWARES
FREE AND EASY
DANGEROUS COMBINATION
PATCHING THINGS UP
SICK AND SORRY
PUTTING ON WEIGHT

THE NEW WAY TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet.

The following examples will guide you:—

Example:—
SICK AND SORRY.
Bullet:—
DAD, WHEN BAILIFF ARRIVES.
Example:—
FORCING A SMILE.
Bullet:—
DIFFICULT FOR PRISONER.
Example:—
A PRETTY FIGURE.
Bullet:—
LAWYER'S ACCOUNT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 138TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mrs. M. O'BYRNE,
115a, South Street,
Eastbourne, Sussex.

Example: SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
Bullet: TOMMY LANDED WITH "EXPEDITION."

FIVE WAR PRIZES OF £20 EACH:

Mr. TOM V. EVERITT, 46, Crescent Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.:
SPECIAL DUTY—LOOKING AFTER TOMMY'S "MARY."
Mr. WALTER HIRST, 4, Rogers Road, Ward End, Birmingham:
THE TEMPERANCE PARTY—"CARRYING ON" AS USUAL.
NURSE MACFARLANE, Mold, Flintshire:
SELDOM PAYS—NOVICE GIVING POLICEMAN "SLIP."
Miss H. SHEPHERD, Roslyn, Park Square, Newport, Mon.:
HELPING THE GENERAL—"GAS" INSTEAD OF "FIRE."
Mr. R. STEPHENS, 16, Charles Street, Golborne, Lancs.:
A BAD SOVEREIGN—MAKES "NEGOTIATION" DIFFICULT.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. WILLIAM C. HARRIS, 70, Hillside Road, Stamford Hill, N.:
SELDOM PAYS—"UPRIGHTNESS" DURING TRENCH FIGHTING.
Mr. F. C. CORDINGLEY, 282, Croxted Road, Herne Hill, S.E.:
COMPANY MANNERS—MAID CALLS MASTER "SIR!"
Mr. D. M. ROSS, Sussex Villa, Mary Street, Dunoon, Argyleshire:
PUSH AND GO—LATECOMERS—BOTTOMLEY'S SPEECHES.
Mr. G. LAVELLE, Allan & Hanbury's, Ltd., Bethnal Green, London, E.:
THE TEMPERANCE PARTY—GOOD PARTY TO "BOOT."
Mr. P. WINSHIP, Sparkford, Bath:
COMPANY MANNERS—MUCH "ADIEU" ABOUT NOTHING.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

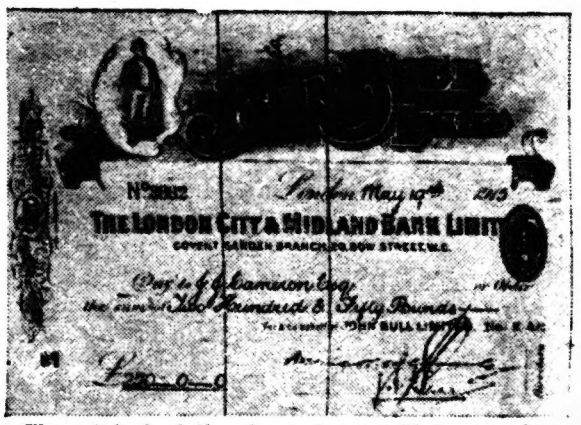
Mr. WM. MUIR, 6, Carnarvon Rd., W. Bridgford, Nottingham:
PURE AND SIMPLE—SCOTCHMAN'S INFLUENZA CURE.
Mr. F. GENGE, 81, Goldsmith Avenue, Acton, London, W.:
BARELY RESPECTABLE—SO FATHER GOES—ALONE.
Mr. C. E. RICHARDS, 60, High Street, Hythe, Kent:
SHOCKING EXAMPLE—ON WARSHIP—WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.
Mr. G. V. JONES, 225, Ripple Road, Barking, Essex:
PRESSING NEED—BY "NO MEANS" DISTINGUISHED.
Mr. J. FRASER, Cemetery Lodge, Ramsgate:
PURE AND SIMPLE—EVERYBODY IMAGINES CHOIRBOY.
Miss A. M. BALDOCK, 66, Victoria Road, Bedford:
COMPANY MANNERS—AMONG ALL "PARTIES" NOW.
Mr. THOS. GUTHRIE, 105, Cavendish Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.:
INCREASING EVIL—SAME COUPON—MORE WORDS.
Mrs. W. SMITH, Plough Hotel, Moorsholm, Boosbeck, S.O.:
A BIG STRAIN—BATTALION'S ONE MOUTHORGAN.
Mr. J. A. RAINBOW, 23, Grosvenor Gardens, Jesmond Park, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
BARELY RESPECTABLE—CUPID WITHOUT HIS ARROWS.
Mr. JOHN BRADY, 66, Biddestone, Road, Holloway, N.:
IMPOSING TAXATION—STILL PURSUING THE "SUBJECT."

25 PRIZES OF £1 EACH:

ABRAHAMS, S., 12, Northgate, Darlington.
BALY, O. S., The Butts, Warwick.
BEE, A., 32, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.
BLACK, W., junr., 28, Duddingston Park, Portobello, N.B.
BROWN, W. E., 10, Pelham Street, Ilkeston, Derbys.
CLEAVER, W., 53, Chaucer Street, Kingsley, Northampton.
COOKE, E. (Mrs.), 8, Johnson Street, Norwich.
GRANT, Miss B., Picturedrome, Adare, co. Limerick.
JACKSON, H., 3, Langthorne Street, Fulham, S.W.
JOHNS, A. V., 26, Dordrecht Road, Acton Vale, London, W.
JOHNSTON, W. H., 49, Briggate, Leeds.
LITTLE, J. H., Kincora, Cardigan Drive, Belfast.
LODGE, C. F. W., 307, Antrim Road, Belfast.
MILLS, H., 19, Floyer Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
MORRIS, F., 495, Stretford Road, Manchester.
MOUNTER, P., 1, Melbourne Ave., West Ealing.
MOUNTFORD, S. A., Park Station, M.R., Sutton Coldfield.
NEEDHAM, J. E. (Mrs.), 9, Ismay Street, Walton, Liverpool.
PARKER, F., 17, Clifton Place, Shipley, Yorks.
SMITH, M., 6, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
STREVENS, ADA, 19, High Street, Hoddesdon, Herts.
WALLACE, M. (Miss), 53, Burleigh Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
WILLIAMS, H. G., 68), Washwood Heath Road, Birmingham.
WOODS, H., 36, Wilfred Street, Derby.
WILDES, T., 21, Gungate Street, Tamworth, Staffs.

50 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ADAMS, J., 71, Wellesley Avenue, Belfast.
ARBUCKLE, F. (Bombr.), 24oz, B Battery, 148th Brigade, R.F.A., Lytham, Lancs.
ATTWOOD, F., World's End Hotel, Knaresborough.
BATES, W., 4, Dale Street, Carlisle.
BEARE, F. D., 46, Winchester Street, Andover.
BRITTAIN, C. (Mrs.), 47, Ventnor Gardens, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.
BRITTON, A. L. (Mrs.), 48, Finsbury Park Rd., Finsbury Pk., N.
BROWN, W. J., 20, Carlton Place, Brighton.
BYROM, J., 244, Florida Cottages, Haydock, near St. Helens, Lancs.
CALDICOTT, T. H., 48, Fallow Court Avenue, North Finchley, N.
CHARLES, E. (Miss), 4, Parcell Terrace, Friory St., Carmarthen.
CRAVEN, A. L., 11, St. Paul's Rd., Withington, Manchester.
DAINTY, A. (Miss), 123, Bismarck Street, Leicester.
FAULKNER, J. W., Willems Barracks, Wellington Avenue, Aldershot.
GALE, M. E. (Miss), 59, Victoria Grove, Bridport.
GIBBS, E., Reepham, Norfolk.
GITTINS, W. A., Glenthorne, Priest Lane, Shenfield.
HAMER, A., 16, Kliffen Place, Halifax, Yorks.
HIRST, H., 7, Byron Mount, Bradford, Yorks.
JAMES, C., 1, Fair View Terrace, Falywain, Monmouth.
JAMES, G. L. (Miss), 15, Braemar Avenue, Wood Green, N.
LEAVEY, A., 26, Earl Street, Northampton.
LIGHTFOOT, F. W., 40, Arthur Street, Penrith.
MCCRONE, M., Turret House, Methil, Fife.
MANN, S., 162, Park Road, N. Birkenhead, Ches.
MARSHALL, G., junr., 191, Gibbet Street, Halifax, Yorks.
MAYNARD, G., 95, Victoria Road, Cambridge.
MOORE, S. A. (Mrs.), Supply Stores, Dipton, Co. Durham.
MUGGLESTONE, T., 30, Bakewell Street, Coalville.
O'SHEA, P., Castlebore, Waterville, Co. Kerry, Ireland.
OTHEN, T. B., North Curry, near Taunton.
PARKIN, T. A., 3, Meadow Bank Avenue, Sheffield.
PARKER, W. J., 103, Henry Street, Newport, Mon.
PEEVER, J., 16, Tilbury Street, Oldham.
PILLING, W., 52, Chalfont Street, Bolton, Lancs.
POWELL, (Mrs.), Avenue Cottage, Rainhill.
RATCLIFFE, H., 2, Fifth Cross Road, Twickenham.
ROBINSON, R., 96, Goldsmith Avenue, Acton, W.
RYE, C., 1a, Waverley Road, Southsea, Hants.
SALT, B., 28, Drake Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
SHOEMACK, F., 127, Shamrock Street, Glasgow, W.
SPILLARD, (Mrs.), 167, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells.
STRUTT, GERTRUDE, Crescent House, Bradford Street, Booking, Braintree, Essex.
TONG, A. E. (L.-Corpl.), 3794, 12, Elm Road, Winchester.
WAKELYN, T., 9, Coley Terrace, Fulwell, Sunderland.
WELLS, H., 37, Pendle Road, Streatham, S.W.
WESTON, E. G., Depot Hampshire Regt., Winchester.
WILKES, S. E., 75, Lincoln Road, Portsmouth, Hants.
WOOD, C., 67, Pollard Lane, Bradford.
WRATE, A., 17, Lumley Road, Skegness.


THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
COVENT GARDEN BRANCH, 216, BOW STREET, W.C.
Pay to C. Cameron Esq.
the sum of Two Hundred & Fifty Pounds
£250 0 0

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. R. Jude, 222, Ocean Road, South Shields, from Thursday, May 27th, and at those of Mr. J. W. Wallace, Newsagent, Post Office, Westoe Lane, South Shields, from May 31st.

Selection of 5s. Prize Winners.

DAVIS, A. G., 2, York Villas, St. George's Road, Farnham, Surrey.
DAVIES, W. E., 9, Railway Terrace, Resolven, S. Wales.
DAVIDSON, A. (Miss), 80, Goodwin Street, Hull.
DAWSON, W., Messrs. Caird & Co., Greenock.
DENTON, C. (Mrs.), Kimbolton, Huntingdon.
DRAKE, R. J., Beefeater, Tower of London.
ELLIOTT, J. F., 46, Helena Road, Plaistow, Essex.
FEERY, L. M., 1, William Street, Albert Gate, London, S.W.
FERGUSON, J., 10, College Street, Whitehaven.
FERGUSSON, J., 5, Eastfield Road, Dumfries.
FISHER, R., 6, Douglas Street, Kilmarnock.
FLEMING, E., 7, Oldfield Road, Sale, Cheshire.
FLINT, L. M., 3, Cumberland Road, Liscard, Cheshire.
FOLEY, W., 166, Botanic Road, Dublin.
FORRESTER, J., 4, Bridge Street, Port Talbot, South Wales.
FRYER, R. H., Hazel Grove, Fir Tree, Harperley S.O., Co. Durham.
GALLACHER, A. C., c/o Wilson, 40, Clyde Place, Glasgow.
GARRATT, W. H., 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.
GATLEY, H., 44, Victoria Road, Dukinfield.
GEORGE, W., 59, Victoria Road, Exmouth.
GIBSON, J. T., Elm Bank, Wylam-on-Tyne.
GIFFORD, J., 75, Victoria Road, Aberavon, Port Talbot.
GREEN, A. T., C.S.M., 6th Yorks Regt., Witley Camp, Surrey.
GREENLEES, J., 84, York Street, Glasgow.
GOLDING, G. S., 55, Pemberton Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.
GLYNN, B. (Miss), 19a, Glenfield Road, Balham, S.W.
HAY, E. J., 15, Montpelier Park, Edinburgh.
HAZON, W., 9, High Cross Row, Seaton Burn, Northumberland.
HEDGES, A. (Mrs.), 88, Aspinall Road, Brockley, S.E.
HILLIER, GERTRUDE, Shrublands, Smithybridge, Lancs.
HOARE, C., 34, St. George's Road, Upton Lane, Forest Gate, E.
HOLLIS, J. W., 9, Co-operative Terrace, Altoft, near Leeds.
HORACE, W., 12, Moffat Rd., Bowes Pk., N.
HOPE, E., Sandiford, Rake Lane, Wallasey.
HUNTER, J., 14, Duke Street, Hawick.
JACKSON (Mrs.), 2, Reachfields, Hythe, Kent.
KENTFIELD, T., 3, Gatefield Lane, Faversham, Kent.
KNIGHT, L., 69, Beckenham Road, Beckenham, Kent.
KYTE, W. J., The Grove, Smalley, Derby.
LAWRIE, ETHEL, 3, Victoria Road, Rathgar, Dublin.
LEGG, E. M., 419, High Road, Chiswick, W.
LEWIS, H., 27, Hanmster Gardens, Battersea, S.W.
LOVELL (Mrs.), The Leys, Upper Heyford, Banbury.
MACONOCHIE, A., 43a, Trentham Street, Southfields, S.W.
MACDOUGALL, A., 6, Strathavon Terrace, Oban, N.B.
MANN, W., 46, Wigan Lane, Wigan, Lancs.
MASON, J. S., 43, Stanley Street, Blythe.
MCKAY, A. (Mrs.), 15, Step Row, Dundee.
MCGURK, T., Provost Sgt. R.G.A., Lydd Camp, Kent.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 28, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

It's like having a Magic Ring

to go furniture-hunting at the "Midland." No matter what you've set your heart on! You've only to express the wish, and in two minutes the very thing you want is there in front of you. You can't help finding it, for there's over £100,000 worth of furniture to choose from.

And such Furniture—simply beautiful!

Every price is marked in plain figures; every purchase is a bargain. You see, what with their huge trade, their command of markets, and the intermediate profits they save by being actual manufacturers, the "Midland" are able to give you more for your money than you could get anywhere else. Just you try them!

10% Discount for Cash

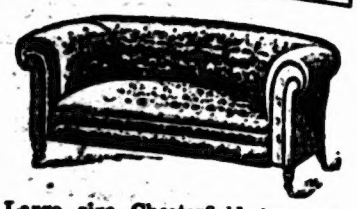
Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Mth.	Worth.	Per Mth.
£10 ..	£0 6 0	£50 ..	£1 8 0
£20 ..	0 11 0	£100 .	2 5 0
£30 ..	0 17 0	£200 .	4 10 0
£40 ..	1 5 0	£500 ..	11 5 0

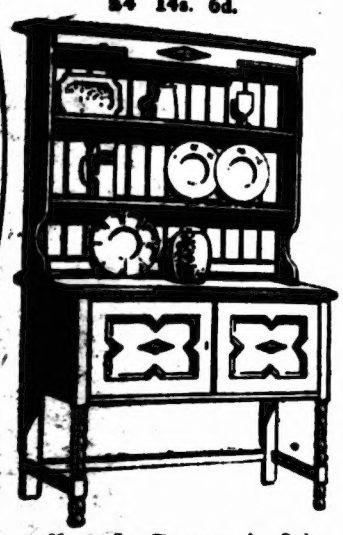
Larger amounts pro rata.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



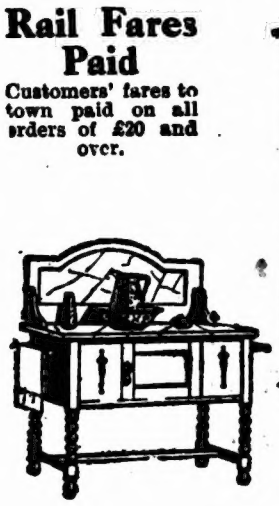
Large size Chesterfield, beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice. With or without drop end.
£4 14s. 6d.

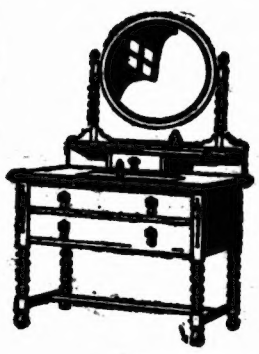


A well-made Dresser in Oak, finished a rich antique brown, 6 ft. 4 in. high, 3 ft. 6 in. wide. Exceptional bargain.
£3 17s. 6d.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

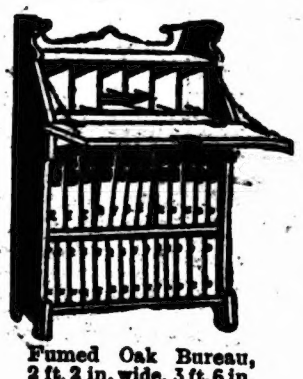




The Desborough.
Charmingly designed Bedroom Suite in well-seasoned oak, finished a rich antique brown. The suite comprises a commodious 3 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe; 3 ft. Dressing Table, with bevelled mirror; 3 ft. Washstand, with marble top and back; and two rush-seated chairs. £13 17s. 6d.

An exceptionally fine Sideboard, designed in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, and very carefully finished in every detail.
£6 16s. 6d.

Dainty Occasional Chair, with polished mahogany frame, cane sides and silk tapestry seat. Exceptional value.
£1 10s. 0d.



Fumed Oak Bureau, 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 9 in. deep. Exceptional value. £1 1s. 0d.

Free Life & Fire Insurance.

The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—no interest. Customers can also obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against fire, free**

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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